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NOTES

OF A

THEOLOGICAL STUDENT.

BY

JAMES MASON HOPPIN.

"Si forte quaeris aliquem locum altum, aliquem locum sanctum, intus exhibo te templum Deo. In templo vis orare, in te ora."

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TO
MY FATHER,
WITH FILIAL VENERATION AND LOVE.
JAMES MASON HOPPIN.



P R E F A C E .

THE steps of Christianity commencing in the Old World, we find there the scenes gloriously marked in the history of the Church; but with a kind of holy jealousy might we not hope, that hereafter the Wittenbergs and Augsburgs would be in the New World, that among the real children of the Reformation, in this fresh land of mind, would lie the springs of yet nobler development in Christ's kingdom.

The deep principle of that kingdom, Love, not yet fully known either in its perception from without or its energy from within, and especially as the source of energy, of fearless action, of practical, sublime conflict with error and all unrighteousness, would be the animating power, the heavenly fire of this new reformation. Its motto would be, "There is no fear in Love."*

* 1 Jno. 4: 18.

The pieces in this volume are gathered from previous publication in fugitive forms. They are drawn, with a single exception, from notes of 'Wander-years,' and yet of a period partially passed in quiet study in Germany.

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The University of Frederic William.

THE
UNIVERSITY OF FREDERIC WILLIAM.

THE importance and splendor of Berlin are entirely of modern growth, yet as an existing city it is of considerable antiquity. Learned men are even now contending as to the time of its foundation; but all agree that until the period of the Great Elector, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the city had little political influence, and no scientific or intellectual lustre. Seated upon a little muddy, sluggish stream, in the midst of a vast barren, or feebly planted plain, whose vegetation is not sufficient to fix the floating sand that in the stormy seasons rolls through the streets and openings of the city, it has no commercial advantages or natural beauties; and added to this, an awkward, barbarous taste, until very recently, has ruled in its whole internal metropolitan economy. One writer says of it, that in the sixteenth century "it already had the Reformation and no side-walk." When Prussia became a kingdom in 1701, Berlin, its solemnly adopted capital, felt immediately the upswaying influence

of this dignity, and rose rapidly in size and influence, under the careful, fostering hand of the first Frederic.

But it was not until the ambition and genius of Frederic II. (the Great) had given to the kingdom of Prussia an acknowledged rank among the nations, that Berlin took its present position. Many of the public edifices which it now boasts, date from that period; yet even then, a French style, synchronical with the Voltairean literature, neither seeking the grand nor useful, but showy, prevailed. Thus the two churches (not that churches were types of the period) standing upon the Gens d'Armes market-place are almost wholly tower and steeple, the bodies of the buildings being low, contracted, ill-shaped vestry-rooms, pinned upon the skirts of these empty and ostentatious campaniles. During the reigns of Frederic William II. and III., especially the latter, Berlin increased in monumental greatness, as well as in political importance. The architect Schinkel adorned the city with gigantic edifices, which, though still questionable in style, have a certain sort of respectable grandeur.

But Berlin's greatness is intellectual; and in this relation, no city on the globe shines with a more splendid light. It is the northern Mecca of scholars, its towers being the high fames of its Humboldts, Hegels, and Neanders. As centre of the most perfect system of education which the wisdom of man has invented, the heart of which is its university, as home of a host of great names in every department of science, as seat of many peculiar parent institutions of enlightened benevolence, as patron of the

arts, it is a city, of which even thoughtful, learned Germany is proud.

The University of Frederic William in Berlin was founded on the 10th October, 1810. It was especially the conception of Wilhelm von Humboldt, that man whose silent ideas, true or false, have germinated with so mighty a crop in the words and works of others. It was the conception of patriotism, to rear an influence that should assist in renovating Germany, impotently groaning under its load of moral degradation, that should build up its self-respect, and from its own slumbering mind draw forth the elements of national defence and true greatness. It has indeed partially answered this profound aim, although it has sent forth a mixed current of influences, now pouring the tides of a rationalistic philosophy through central Europe, and now modifying and purifying them by the better tone of its Hegel, and more by its Schleiermacher, and more a hundred-fold than all, by its Neander. But its vast intellectual impulse and awakening power are undenied, and it seemed to leap into life fully matured, and helmed with the irresistible might of wisdom. Although still young (our own Harvard College being more than a century and a half the elder), it has from the first been a *power*, and is now without doubt the most flourishing institution of learning in Germany, and perhaps in Europe and the world; for learning has flown to the land of the Rhine, or the deepest enthusiasm for the most self-denying and profound scholarship which is at the same time broad and comprehensive, dwells, without controversy, where there

is a more truly republican narrowness of the means and temptations of luxurious ease, and the absence of any mind-contracting spiritual idea. The number of students and professors of the University of Berlin reminds us of the palmy days of Bologna, Padua, Salamanca, and Prague. During the last few years, at a fair computation, the professors, ordinary and extraordinary, have numbered annually about one hundred and sixty, and the students about two thousand. The wide field of its intellectual sweep may be faintly surveyed by a glance at the range of studies contemplated in only one or two of its scientific departments. Let us take, for example, the Faculty of Theology. In a university which has been eminently the fountain-head of German philosophy, which has deeply nurtured the modern ideal systems sprung from the revival of the ancient Greek philosophies, it were hardly to be expected that pure theology could have breathed and lived in so egoistic an atmosphere. But when we mention the names of Schleiermacher, Marheineke, Thiermin, Twisten, Jacobi, Neander, Hengstenberg, we see that every shade of theological opinion has been and is there represented. In the Berlin university there has been at least no covering up of belief, and no necessity for it, but spiritual freedom has even been passionately glorified, so that during the reign of the present king, when the increasing pressure of the influence of the state upon the church has made itself even but slightly felt in the circle of the university life, it has been repelled with a sensitiveness and vehemence that has appeared almost undignified. But

the ulterior tendencies of monarchy at this day are too well understood. Even the German student of theology must select from the mass of lectures in his own faculty, for seven or eight lectures in the course of a day are as many as any ordinarily strong head or body can bear. But he has nevertheless the opportunity to hear lectures upon nearly every book of the Old Testament, each by a different professor, lectures especially on Hebrew exegesis in all its phases, lectures upon all the books of the New Testament with especial lectures upon the New Testament Greek, lectures upon Dogmatic Theology, the History of Doctrines, Practical Theology, Christian Philosophy, Church History in its different periods, History of Creeds, Church Antiquities, Church Psalmody, Church Liturgy, Symbolism, Polemics, Homiletics, Christian Morals. This is but a barren catalogue of names, without hinting at the living, personal influences of so many truly great minds, brought together, and creating the atmosphere of critical learning and profound thought. In the science of Philology perhaps a more various field still is presented, for however Halle may contest the honors with Berlin in the purity of its Theology, and Heidelberg in the richness and majesty of its Jurisprudence, and Göttingen in its Natural Science, and Jena even in its Philosophy, none, not even Leipsic, may vie with Berlin in the modern and present glory of its Philology. The name of Böckh alone seems to absorb and outshine all living lights. I subjoin in the note, from a translation recently made by another, of the Catalogue of 1851, the names of philologi-

cal lecturers and their themes.¹ It will be seen that the green and living fields of the modern languages are also entered; and it might here be added, that of late the

¹ PHILOLOGY AND INTERPRETATION OF AUTHORS.—Prof. Böckh will lecture on Encyclopædia and Methodology of Philology. Dr. Steinthal on Historical Psychological Science of Language. Prof. Bopp will teach Sanscrit Grammar, also interpret selections from episodes of *Mahā, Bhārata*. Dr. Weber will teach Sanscrit Grammar; the same, the History of Literature of the Vedas, Zend Grammar, Hymns of Rigveda and Kalidasa's *Cakuntala*, and will give private lessons in Sanscrit.

Dr. Benary will give private lessons in Sanscrit. Dr. Aufrecht will continue his lectures on Sanscrit begun in the winter. Prof. Böckh will explain Pindar's Olympic and Pythic Odes. Prof. Gerhard will lecture on Greek Tragedy. Prof. Benary will explain Orations in first book of Thucydides. Prof. Bekker, *Æschines' Oration against Ctesiphon*. Prof. Heyse, *Plato's Kratylos*. Prof. Franz, *Books of Aristotle on Politics*. Prof. Panofka, *Interpretation of Pannonias*. Prof. Curtius, *Monuments and History of Athens*. Prof. Gerhard, *Grecian Mythology*. Prof. Geppert, *the Phormio of Terence*. Dr. Hertz, *the Satires of Horace*. Dr. Benary, *Oration of Cicero for Milo*. Prof. Geppert, *History of Roman Literature*. Dr. Hertz, *Roman Remains*; the same, *History of Roman Law*. Prof. Franz, *Philological Discussions*. Dr. Benary will give private lessons in Greek and Latin, and in writing Latin—also practice in Ancient and Modern Greek; his *Schola Græca* will be continued Wednesdays and Saturdays. Dr. Aufrecht, *Comparison of Greek, Latin, and Gothic Grammars*. Prof. Von der Hagen, *Old German Language*. Dr. Aufrecht, *Explanations of Gothic Grammar*. Prof. Von der Hagen, *the Nibelungen Lied*. Prof. Wm. Grimm will interpret *Conrad von Wüzburg's Poem Engelhast*.

Dr. Aufrecht will explain *Old Norse Reader*. Dr. Köpke will lecture on *History of Modern Literature*. Prof. Von Hagen, on the *Middle Ages*, particularly on the feasts, games, manners, customs, and popular books. Dr. Steinthal will explain *Rabbinical Theological or Grammatical Writings*. Prof. Petermann will teach *Armenian Grammar*. Prof. Dieterici will interpret the *Koran*; will give

English language has been made the theme of that research, which constitutes the German the mental miner of the world.

The sciences of law, medicine, philosophy, history, mathematics, physics, geography, political economy, and art, are in the same manner expansively and minutely laid open by lectures. Indeed, the LECTURE explains the whole philosophy of the German university system, as a leaf the plant, or a shaft the edifice. The strictly academic period is supposed to have passed by, and the mind has become sufficiently matured to be enriched simply through suggestion, or it has acquired the power of assimilation, the method of self-growth, the law of thought, and the use of itself. It has also arrived at moral maturity, and does not need pressure out of itself to compel it to labor. This

private lessons in Arabic; also lectures on Persian Language. Dr. Fonseca will lecture on Persian Literature and Grammar. Prof. Lepsius will teach Hieroglyphic Grammar. Prof. Schott will give lessons in Chinese; ditto Mandschu Language. Dr. Cybueski will lecture on the oldest poem in the Slavic Language; the same, on General Slavic Literature; the same will give private lessons in Polish, Bohemian, Russian, and Serbian Languages. Mr. Fabrucci will read on Italian Literature, and on the Jerusalem Delivered of Tasso; will give private lessons on Italian and French. Mr. France-son will give public lectures on Moreto's Comedy, and private lessons in French, Italian, and Spanish. Dr. Wolheim will lecture publicly on Calderon's Dramas. Dr. Steinthal, on Songs of the Troubadours. Dr. Huber, on History of English Poetry since end of 18th century. Dr. Solly will explain Macbeth in English—will give a course of lectures on English Language, and give private lessons in same. Dr. Pietraszewski will lecture on Persian and Arabic, and give private lessons in same. Dr. Fonseca will give private lessons in Oriental, Roman, Scandinavian, and Modern Greek Languages.

generous theory commonly affords two or three years of very grateful recreation to young men, who, if still possessed of talent and will, are enabled by great brief exertions to finally obtain their doctorates.

The German gymnasium may not fully represent the academic period of our American university, but in the classics, perhaps an equal facility is obtained in the gymnasium with that obtained in the college, so that the German university, succeeding the gymnasium, bears the student as it were up, from the level whereon our college education would leave him. There can be little doubt that the German university system is a far broader theoretical plan of education than any our own land as yet possesses, and may accomplish a far more perfected educational result; but generally viewed it is the still hive of vast erudition, rather than the school of practical and beneficent learning. A faithful student comes out of the university hall with his doctorate in his hand, his head almost gray, and his eyes blurred with toil; he is more profoundly learned than many of our college professors and presidents; but he looks about him weary and vacant, and what shall he do? He cannot teach the ignorant and young, he who has been for years walking in rapt trance with the sovereign minds of the past; he cannot preach or speak, for the fire and ambition of outer action has died within him; he has become a *scholar*, and nothing but a scholar, and therefore he must go on, and prepare himself for some scholar's position, also struggled for by a hundred others, or starve. He obtains the position, or

drags out his life either as a beggar of supercilious official gratuity, or barely exists upon the meagre rewards of authorship too learned for the many, too curious for even the majority of the educated.

This may exhibit perhaps the extreme tendency of the German University system, whose high praise is that it abhors superficialness, and is the hiding-place of profound science; but does it not sometimes fail in practicalness both of a direct or indirect nature, even becoming in that respect singularly inferior to the American University system? Does it not fail in the communication of its deep intellectual life with the living, true, and generous uses of learning? Is it not too much like a reservoir, instead of a fountain? If this be so, we would still ascribe it principally to the system of *lectures*, unvaried by any other method of instruction. There is in this method no other action of the student's mind required than that of receptivity, so that his powers of communication are after a time enfeebled and destroyed. He is a silent note-taking machine—his roll of “heften” being his sole confidant and mental counsellor. Professors are generally not even acquainted with their classes; and their bond of intellectual union is the simple impulse of the student to sit regularly upon the bench before the lecturer. The uniform answer to this objection is that the final, protracted, and thorough examination is an entire test of the quality of the student's acquisitions and a continual stimulus to exertion. But the mind may brace itself for an examination conducted

in the quaint scholastic method of a university, where it has even lost the taste and the ability for a practical profession which compels the student to move among common minds, to bring himself down to the natural level of ordinary men.

The plan both of American colleges and professional schools of mingling the recitation and discussion with the lecture, the old, wise Socratic method, creates a life and directness in the tone of mind, which the German scholar rarely possesses. His thought is far circling and circuitous, and while aiming always at exhaustion of the subject and profundity, loses in the moment of speaking or conversing the electric power over other minds. Never was this more plainly illustrated than at the uneventful Union Diet held lately at Frankfort on the Rhine, where learned orators consumed months over practical problems of legislation, which a Massachusetts or Connecticut member of the House of Representatives would have clearly solved in as many days. But this same circuitousness, minuteness, thoroughness, and patient, deep research on questions of exact science, in the review, the commentary, or the professorial chair, becomes admirable and nobly superior to mere facility. The suggestion, therefore, which a German professor himself has made, that in American universities a German thoroughness and profoundness should be aimed after in order to instruct those who are to become *professors, scholars, and commentators*, is worthy of all attention; but the adoption of the entire German system of irresponsible lectures, would be fatal to the mental

demands of our own land. A plan of education which has gradually grown with the wants of the country, beautifully adapting itself to the increasing intellectual exigencies, aiming ever after higher and higher results, and actually producing such men as Marshall, Webster, Everett, Story, Stuart, Choate, McIlvaine, Wayland, Park, could not be exchanged for either the English system, which builds up a wonderful erudition in circumscribed lines of ancient lore; or the German system which is rather adapted to make professors of students, than teachers of men. But that our collegiate system may be improved by a longer term of study, and a more scientific as well as comprehensive plan of study, there is no denial. Yet we contend that either the method of English fellowships, or the longer continuing and more expanded system of the German universities must be allied to our own system—not *supersede* it—in order to effect results of profound scientific education for the few, combined with healthful practical education for the many. To lower, however, in any way the standard of our present college system of studies, is a dangerous retrograde movement; and to endeavor to make the college more practical than it now is, would be to destroy it as the nursery of thought, science, and true mental discipline. The establishment of the Reale Schule, as in Germany, to meet the practical wants of the land, would perhaps be far preferable to this.

The University of Berlin has not the beauties of situation which old hill-bosomed Heidelberg has, or the fair Rhine-washed Bonn; nor in its whole character is it

a genuine type of the German university. The student is merged in the citizen, and the court and army outdazzle his quiet person and pursuits. Yet his identity is not wholly to be quenched even in a large metropolis; and although you do not meet in the streets of Berlin the loud-talking Bursch, pipe in mouth, hugely bearded, his velvet frock covered with tassels and embroidery, his polished boots glancing in the sun, his silver spurs clinking upon his heels, and a great dog measuring his stately pace by the deliberate steps of his master, yet you will find him of an evening in the Kneip, singing his university songs and drinking beer; you may see the black, red, and golden ribbon of the Burschen fraternity, peeping from under his waistcoat; he has still his processions and fackelzugs, his love of pipes, and his contempt of Philisters. A fackelzug or torch-light procession, was given to Dr. Neander by the students of his faculty, while I was in Berlin.

At about nine in the evening the students assembled upon a large square, at some distance from the professor's house, and each one, to the number of some two hundred, provided himself from a wagon which stood upon the ground, with a tall torch made of a bituminous substance, and which burns brightly for nearly an hour. The procession was then formed, officered at certain intervals by a student on horseback, dressed in a cavalier costume, with a plumed cap, sword, and ornamented mantle.¹ By

¹ The German student, by ancient immunity, is entitled to wear the spurs and sword, and to claim the peculiar honors of knight-hood.

the sound of fine music, the procession with its flaming torches, marched through the principal streets of the city, followed by a dense crowd, until it arrived in front of the professor's dwelling. A delegation of the students then bore to Dr. Neander the present of a silver goblet; and when silence was made, he appeared at the window and made a brief, heartfelt address. When it was concluded, torches were waved, swords were drawn and crossed in the air, two stanzas of the old student song—

“Gaudeamus igitur
Juvenes dum sumus, &c.”—

were sung in deep harmonious voices, and the procession moved slowly away. It is alone those instructors who are peculiarly admired and loved by their pupils, who ever obtain the honor of a *fackelzug*. And who so tenderly beloved and honored as Neander? he who had a *heart* in his teaching which all his learning could not extinguish; who appealed to the noblest motives in his pupils, and scorned to ask them to accept without reason; who called for sincerity in belief, knowing that no man can be a disciple of Christ, who insincerely believes; who loved to discover and nourish truth wherever he found it, be it but a grain of mustard seed; who made his pupil his everlasting friend!

Among “the saints in light,” satisfied in the deep longings of his soul, is now the beloved Neander. He came from the splendors of Plato to sit like a little child at the feet of Christ on earth, and now exalted with Him he beholds “face to face.” A spiritual nature like John from or-

ganization, ever longing intellectually for the truth, ever yearning to believe. he found no rest for his soul, until the Holy Spirit gave him rest in Christ. Fluctuating in the answers of philosophy, that echoed sorrowfully back from the abyss of eternity, both before and after, he was at length led to Him, who answered all questions, filled all desires, brought even the culpable soul into living and loving alliance with a holy God, and thus afforded a ground of eternal repose. Singular was the history of his mind, and of his religious experience. God shaped it for its place as truly as the builder shapes a beautiful stone for the threshold of a temple. In himself. he seemed to typify the great stages of his own history of the Christian Church. From Jewish parentage, he advanced through the Platonic philosophy into pure Christianity, and upon him, as an instrument, has swung slowly around the philosophy of the present day into a deeper spiritual faith. The very elements of his character have contributed to this, for upon no one less large, less liberal, less free, less humble, less pure, and less Christlike, could this painful yet joyful movement have turned. The great trait of Neander which impressed the stranger, was his perfect unconsciousness of the outer world. Nature itself had shut his soul in, and seemed to say, "Thy labor and thy life are within. For thee, beauty, art, glory, the outer world are not. Thou art to be a minister in the hidden things of the spirit to bring them to light for others. Thou art to be a deepener of the human spirit, a refiner of it through Christ, to bring it nearer to God!" In social intercourse how childlike was

he, and willing to converse with the ignorant and the beginners; how ready to hear all, and to answer all; how full of gentleness and repose, never laughing but smiling, always ready to awaken from his own thoughts to assist the thoughts of others. The motto of his Raimund Lull was his motto: "He who loves not, lives not." With sad joy do I dwell upon those meetings for conversation at his house on Saturday evenings, when entering his study, piled with great tomes from floor to ceiling, he would be found seated in his long German wrapper, with a green shade over his eyes, silent and immovable before his small writing-table. Softly and without formality, the young men from all parts of Christendom would assemble and fill the room, finding their seats generally on the huge books about the floor. The little canary birds in which he delighted had now ceased to sing. Soon the good sister, sent in by some friendly student the simple tea and zwieback. A gentle, friendly feeling, and a low genial conversation ran around the room. Some question asked of Neander awoke his deep-toned voice, and his regular utterance, and all was stilled to listen.

On every subject that could interest the scholar, thinker, and Christian, he freely gave his thought and opinion; but the courses of every theme ran by an irresistible tendency to the interests of the spiritual kingdom of Christ. Especially was he animated and aroused in Christian movements in foreign lands, and in none more than in America, in her missions, her voluntary church system, the spiritual tone of her piety, and the unworldly

motives of her preachers. He often said that if America could learn much from older Germany, Germany could learn yet more from America. He thought that the American Church might fairly and freshly start from the position of the Apostolic Church—the very life, heart, and spirit of Christ—without going back and through the weary philosophical errors and controversies of the old world.

But let us look at Neander for a moment in his lecture room. Can that be *he* in long black surtout and high boots, with his hat pushed on the back of his head, who pulls it off with something of a jerk, and strides to his high wooden desk, leaning his arms sprawled upon it, and putting down his face so that it is almost entirely concealed, and then seizing a quill to pick it to pieces above his head swings regularly with the desk on one heel back and forth, sometimes even wheeling completely around, with his back to the audience, and still continuing his pendulum motion, his face all the while working, and his mouth opening, as if his ideas came to him in spasms. His complexion is swarthy, his hair black and thick, falling down over his forehead, and his shaggy eyebrows almost conceal his eyes from view. His voice is guttural and harsh, with a regularly rising and falling intonation, but taken together with the majesty and spirituality of the thought, I have compared these heavy monotonous cadences to the long billows of the Pacific ocean, on which the soft tropical sun slept, the sun of a heavenly warmth and faith, truly harmonious sentences in spite of this deep harsh voice which seemed to speak

that inner and under oceanic strength that Neander had, and which his lovelier qualities sometimes make us forget. A stranger, at first startled and even ludicrously discomposed at his eccentric manner, soon lost this impression after listening to the beautiful original method of treating a theme, the rich generously yielded learning, the wonderfully suggestive thought, the humble sublimity, of this great Theologian.

Adjoining Neander's former lecture room is that of Prof. Ranke. Small in stature, he has a high, pale, intellectual face. His manner in the lecture room like that of Neander, is exceeding awkward and bookwormish, and his delivery to the last degree incoherent. Even German students themselves find it sometimes difficult to understand him. I have rarely ever heard a German professor who had the first elements of a good speaker, and I could not help thinking that it was always an unpleasant and painful transference of the thinking machine, from its own silent workroom, to perform its convulsive evolutions and throes before the public eye. Not many doors from Prof. Ranke's lecture room is that of Prof. Ritter. He is the most simple, clear, and pleasant of German lecturers, and is still as enthusiastic as a child in the noble science which he has almost created. In his study may be seen twenty bulky volumes of fine manuscript, containing only the names of books cited in his great geographical work. Schelling, the last of the great names of German philosophy, has for some years ceased lecturing, his memory having become impaired. He looks as Kant is said to have done,

like the mummy of an intense thought. Encke, the Astronomer, is a short man, with a rough hewn and hard countenance traversed in every part by mathematical sines and cosines. But I will not continue this personal remark, which might swell into a volume. Yet there is one whose name must at least be mentioned, Alexander von Humboldt. He may sometimes be seen at the meeting of the Academy, or passing through the hall. He is still hale and active, and his blue eye sparkles almost as brightly as when fifty years younger he stood on the Andes. What region of natural science has he not entered as a monarch conqueror, given to it laws, and brought it in tributary harmony with the central universal kingdom of physical law. He seemed to be chosen to see the finer, floating, else invisible affiliations of all sciences, and to bring them together, to reveal their unity, by the commanding and deep seizure of his genius. While he lives, the world is rich with at least one mind of the first order, and when he dies, irreparably much will die with him.

In learning as in many other things, America may go to school to Germany. In education, technically speaking, the laws of original investigation, thought, criticism, and critical science, are more thoroughly understood, and harmoniously developed, and the human mind itself has perhaps sounded deeper depths in Germany, than elsewhere. But Germany nevertheless has her positive and negative poles in relation to America, and it is only by repulsion in some things, that America may be benefited in other things by Germany. Let not America yield too

servilely and imitatively its original Anglo-Saxon steadfastness, its own robust reason, and its own English precedents whether ethical or spiritual to the mental influence of Germany. That influence cannot and ought not to be obstinately and narrowly resisted, for it is an undeniable phase in the development of the human mind, leading on to the deeper establishment of Divine plans of education and love. Germany is to America, what Greece was to Rome. Germany must and will have a profound influence on America, forming a resistless intellectual gravitation, for Germany is the land of the free and fearless use of the Reason. And let it so be. It is well. Thought never permanently injured but only confirmed truth, and that is not truth, which will not harmonize with reason, sound criticism, and true philosophy. But let America not yield her own divine birth-right to think, reason, and philosophize, to Germany, or any other land. Let not America be ashamed of herself, of her own independent mentality, of her own ability to arrive at truth, and thus, possessing the healthier elements of practicality, and of a faith born humility, while learning from Germany, she may teach her teacher, whom much learning has sometimes made mad, or at least produced a far too absolute and confident idea of philosophy.

The Home of Luther.

THE HOME OF LUTHER.

THE university town of Wittenberg, half way between Berlin and Leipsic, is now a mouldering place, but sleeps pleasantly on the meadows of the river Elbe, along whose banks Luther and Melancthon often walked together. The place has a quaint look, like a small Nuremberg, but without any of the richness of its art. I made a Protestant pilgrimage to this town, of such living importance in the spiritual and intellectual springs of the Reformation. It is no longer the joy of learning, and boast of Saxony. It was annexed in 1814 to the Prussian territory, and is at present a frontier garrison station of that kingdom. Soldiers have deposed students, and the bayonet has stormed out the book. No longer are the streets thronged with young men of all nations, nobles as well as commoners, who once flocked to behold the brightness and feel the warmth of the new Light which had sprung up in Christian philosophy; when brother Martin's lecture-room, ere yet he was a Doctor, was so crowded with hearers, that a chamber could not be found large enough, and Aristotle, and St. Thomas, and Peter Lombard complained that they were forgotten. The University of Wittenberg was found-

ed by the Elector Frederic in 1502, and in 1508 the monk Martin Luther, then only twenty-five years old, was called from the cloisters of Erfurt to its chair of Philosophy. Much rather would he have been called to the chair of Theology, as he writes in the midst of his dialectic labors, to a friend, in 1509. "I am, through God's grace, right well, excepting that the study of Philosophy irks me, which I have striven since I came here to exchange for Theology—that Theology, I mean, which enters into the kernel of the nut, into the heart of the root, into the marrow of the bone." Already the keen sword of the Spirit had found a way into his mind, the war had even before this begun, and he thirsted to throw his whole soul into the strife after higher and divine truth. His personal aspect at this time is thus described by the German historian Planck: "A downcast eye, a sorrowful gait, a glance which to the experienced observer betokened a spirit torn with inner conflict, but steadfastly made up for the struggle, and a fiery and melancholy earnestness in his whole appearance, singled out the young monk from all others."

His popularity in the desk soon caused him to be called to the pulpit. He commenced to preach with a stammering tongue, and a trembling, even painful timidity,—he hardly dared, it is related, *to mount the chancel stairs!* Thus a great mind doing a great work is always laid at first deep in inner humility. The inner victory is ever the greatest. Such was the character of Zuingli, and even of the iron-moulded Knox. The foundation of strength is laid in an entire self-renouncing submission to the will

and word of God, and thus as it were in the very bosom of the strength of God.

Young Luther's timidity soon gave way before the torrent of his genius, and the power of that already formed and speaking within him. Simple and strong were his thoughts. Warmth, force, and freshness, the short path to the heart, and the straight one to the head, soon made him the pride of Wittenberg as a pulpit orator. His voice was singularly clear and flexible, though not in the earlier part of his life extraordinarily powerful. Said Luther once, in his naïve manner, "I have but a small, trumpety voice, yet Master Philip Melancthon says, it can be heard a good distance."

Luther could be restrained no longer from his theological studies. He was appointed Biblical Baccalaureate and Lecturer on Theology. So grounded and so resistless were his teachings from the Holy Writings, that even at this early period of his theological career, an older professor, held to be the most learned man living, then wrote of him, "The monk puts all the doctors to shame, and brings out a new teaching. For he lays himself upon the prophets and apostles, and stands upon the simple word. No one can oppose him with philosophy nor sophistry." It sounds strangely to us at this age, that a teaching founded upon the word of God should be termed "a new teaching," and yet this was Martin Luther's work in the world for which the world claims him as one of her greatest sons, and this was *all* he did, to powerfully draw back men's minds to the simple truth, that the Bible is the

ultimate basis of faith, or the infallible truth; the Bible, taken in its obvious sense, the broad analogy of Scripture, as it speaks to the sound, free, and sincere reason. This idea that Christ himself is the truth, and not men, was the essential single idea of the Reformation; and here was that idea, like a seed under a stone pavement, struggling forth underneath the stone weight of a thousand years, in the studies and teachings of the young professor of Wittenberg.¹ In 1512, Luther was made Doctor of Theology. With his soul afire to discover "the whole counsel of God" in his Word, he began the study of the original languages. Before this time he had read the Vulgate alone—the translation of a translation—incorrect, though twice stamped infallible, and overlaid with the cold glosses of the fathers. This new and pure light, streaming from its original fount, scattered his darknesses and confirmed his faith; for undoubtedly glimpses of the doctrine of Justification by Faith had already been given him; and there is every proof that his mind was firmly

¹ Luther led back not only to the intellectual recognition of the ultimate authority of the Divine Word, but also to what might be called its *heart* recognition. His entire life, conversation, act, word, and look, betokened this thorough emotional penetration of the Gospel through all. "O! how great and glorious a thing it is to have before one the Word of God! with that we may at all times feel joyous and secure: we need never be in want of consolation, for we see before us in all its brightness, the pure and right way. He who loses sight of the Word of God falls into despair. The voice of heaven no longer sustains him; he follows only the disorderly tendency of his heart, and of worldly vanity, which leads him on to his destruction."—*Luther's Table-Talk*.

settled upon this vital point, before the theological strifes concerning it had sprung up. His renown as a lecturer and preacher was now mightily growing. Wittenberg drew away the youth from Prague, from Leipsic, and from Heidelberg. England, and the furthest points of Europe, felt the strong spiritual magnetism. Rome had "heard the fame thereof." Princes and governments had begun to express opinions for and against the tenor of Doctor Martin's teachings.

In 1517 came the Absolution controversy, and then the broad serial steps which are worn polished in the memory of all Protestant Christians, and which *all* were laid in Wittenberg; the nailing up of the theses; the burning of the Pope's Bull; the issuing forth of those noble electrifying tracts, such as Luther's "Sermon on Indulgences," his "Address to the Emperor and Christian Nobility of the German Nation respecting a Reformation of Religion," his "Sermons on the Mass, on the Freedom of a Christian Man," &c., his German Translation of the Bible, and his various epoch-making letters, pamphlets, and books, sent forth from time to time from the Wittenberg press, up to the very last hours of his life—these are the well-known skyward steps on which mounted the helmed angel of Reformation, towards the purity of rational Christianity. From this reason even Eisleben, where Luther was born, and Erfurt, where he lived as an Augustinian monk, are not so interesting to the Christian student as Wittenberg, where, humanly speaking, is the forge-house of the great work of the spiritual

and intellectual movement of the 16th century. Here the groaning German Vulcan and his earnest Cyclops, blowing the kindling sparks of God's Spirit, and wielding the hammer of the Word, wrought upon the hard metal of human unbelief, till the world rung. Here they hammered in the face of all uncertainty and of instant and fiery death. There was no reason but God's interposing grace, why Luther's soul did not follow that of John Huss into heaven on a chariot of fire.

The Palace Church, upon whose oak door Luther nailed the ninety-five Latin theses, defying, in religious chivalry, the world upon them, stands quite at the southern extremity of the town. It is just within the walls, and is itself defended upon its exposed side, by two heavy round towers, so that it looks as much like a fortress as a church, —a gray, battlemented old tower of the church militant. Within, it is at present, with the exception of a richly carved tomb of the good Elector Frederic the Wise, naked, unornamented, and almost gloomy. Nearly in the centre of the church are the graves of Luther and Melancthon, having simple plates of brass placed over them, which lie smooth and even with the stone pavement. The inscriptions are in abbreviated Latin, and are exceedingly simple —giving merely the names, titles, births, and deaths. On the walls immediately opposite these inscriptions, hang full-length pictures of the two Reformers, painted by Lucas Cranach. That of Luther is finely characteristic. He stands with his head elevated, his lion-like visage full of resolution, the Bible in his hands, and

the feet stretched apart and firmly planted, the attitude of preaching. The hair is touched with gray. The dress is the usual long black doctor's gown, and white band drawn closely about the neck.

In this bare, unadorned, stern, stone church, the life which comes from Christ, through the preaching of the truth, began to move in more than in one or two hearts. Here the stir, the wave began on that world's calm of error, so deep, so profound, so terrible, that "the very deep did rot." In the close old Romish pulpit, clamped to the rigid stone pillar, Luther preached "Christ and him crucified," first with stammering tongue, then with bolder emphasis, and then with sonorous tone that filled not only these stone vaults, but taken by the breath of God, swelled beyond, and filled the spiritual arches of the world, and still roll through them, as the cleansing thunder only dies till it has done its work. Here was laid down that strong preacher of "the everlasting gospel," broken by its "weight of glory," the hard wars of the spirit, and "the care of all the churches." Here rest Luther and Melancthon, as if a son of Thunder and a son of Consolation were always to be associated in the work of Christ, and even "in death they were not divided." Immediately after Luther's death, Melancthon wrote to a brother Reformer: "The anguish that inwardly convulses me is indescribable. As when two travellers are journeying the same way, and after they have long journeyed on in company one of them falls, and the other mourns, so mourn I for my Luther. I always thought that I should go before him, and must I then be left behind?"

Church structures, where it may be, should be built of massive stone, if for no other reason than to enshrine for future ages holy historic memories. Thus we may now stand in the pulpits of Luther, and Zuingli, and Calvin; and would that we might also in the pulpits of Edwards, and Bellamy, and Mason! There is a power from such religious antiquities, as in the stone column Joshua set up at Shechem, that flows out over a whole land, purifying and calming it, holding in awe the spirit of a lawless change—of mad temporary unbelief—and silently pointing back to eternal truth, and to true, divine manifestations in the past. Let religion be shorn of antiquity—of its Past—and it may be made science, or metaphysics, or philosophy, but it is disconnected from the power of a soul-inflaming tracking Providence, from the Church of God through ages, and from the throne of Him who is the Ancient of days.

Before leaving this old stone church of Wittenberg, we would joyfully recognize the truth, that the mighty work of Luther was chiefly accomplished through *preaching*. He was the creator of a new era in preaching as a lesser reform springing from and bearing on the greater. He broke from the fetters of a heartless, pantomimic, story-telling, servile style of pulpit oratory, and rose to an authoritative style, authoritative because—like the preaching of the first three centuries of the Church—drawn from the Word of God. He came dripping from the living waters, to speak to the living consciences of men. As the highest mountains have been very suddenly heaved up on the face of the earth, so he rose at once above all men then living as a

preacher by the internal force of truth. His native qualities were also those of a great preacher, imagination, immense memory, tact, ever fresh wit, a burning heart, and unresting energy. He had besides a Stephen-like, holy audaciousness—the pure emanation of a regenerated soul thrown on difficult days. And with all this, as if he were almost the thirteenth apostle, he had the rare genuine ministerial zeal—the “fire in the bones,” which must out—the fire-baptism of the love of Christ. He was accustomed to say: “If we should everlastingly preach Christ, we should never enough comprehend Him. We should remain sucklings and tender infants, who have hardly learned yet to speak half a word, yea quarter of a word.”

From the Palace Church I went to the dwelling of Luther. This was precisely at the other extremity of the town, and on the way through the long, drowsy, grass-grown street, I passed the house of Melancthon, a narrow but still most respectable looking mansion, and indeed one of the best in the place. Its door is pointed Gothic, and very low, with two massive stone seats upon either side. It is now occupied by a professor of the still existing but slumberous Theological School of Wittenberg. Luther's own dwelling or room is situated back from the street in the second story of what was formerly the old Augustine Convent, now the Theological School, and looks out upon the interior shadowy, stone quadrangle. In most respects—the natural wear of time excepted—it remains the same as at his death. It is a small square room, with dusky fresco paintings upon the ceiling, which is crossed regu-

larly with antique heavy beam-work. The windows are formed of small, round panes of glass, about as large as tea-saucers. Over the inner door of the chamber is an autograph of Peter the Great in white paint or chalk, covered with a glass.

The political and the religious reformers are thus associated here together, and they may indeed be negatively compared, inasmuch as the one would have nothing to do with politics, and the other little or nothing with religion. It is not one of the least praises of Luther, that while he lived, civil strifes were not allowed to mix themselves with spiritual, although from the spiritual germ, the civil idea of freedom is always born. Continually was he saying like his master, to his more choleric Peter-like disciples, his Von Sickingens and Von Huttens (reverently to make the comparison), "Put up thy sword into its sheath"—"the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty *through God* to the pulling down of strongholds." A tall German stove, said to have been constructed under the eye of Luther, and ornamented according to his direction with various scriptural and angelical devices, stands in one corner. Under the window, upon a slightly raised platform, is a rude chair or bench called, "Luther's professor's chair," and before it is a heavy oaken table with a broad square top supported upon a rough standard and pedestal. This table has been most lamentably hacked by visitors, and even its sturdy German frame groans with such deep wounds. In a glass case are shown needle-work patterns of Luther's wife, the high-hearted Cathe-

rine de Bora, one of them being a portrait of her husband, Luther's beer-cup, psalter, and various other relics, as well of the burgher as the professor. While examining the room—whether it occurred accidentally or purposely I know not—some one in the court below commenced playing “Luther's Hymn” on the horn. The key was soft yet deep,—that indescribable religious key-note that touches on the chord of solemnity in the soul, and awakes the thoughts of things eternal, and its strain mingled with, and bore gently on, the half-formed emotions and ideas of such a place. It was as if Luther's great spirit were breathing its welcome and its blessing to a stranger from a strange land, and harmoniously testifying that the love of God is not confined to one land, or age, or people, or tongue.

The house of a great man is full of silent power, not only because we unconsciously contrast the narrowness of the place with the vastness of the spirit that once inhabited it, but because it stirs innerly and spiritual thoughts of him. Its walls were in one sense the confidants of his most secret sighs, his sincerest perhaps bitterest throbs, his deepest under life, his most thoughtful and also most natural breathings. They are faithful confidants, and do not betray their trust, though they seem to say ‘we have the sacred secret.’ And who can tell what subtle moulding influences the very position, figure, adorning, and furniture of a chamber may have had upon the reflections and opinions of its former indweller. The habitual gloom of its prospect may have thrown an insensible shadow over many

a page. A beam of sunshine creeping in at a corner of the window may have given unsuspected birth to a golden thought which has brightened and made wealthy the hearts of thousands.

The rough strength and heavy utility of oak work and stone work, may have unconsciously added a firmer tone to the expression of truth. It is true that Luther was not of so sensitive a temper as to be swayed like a fastidious poet by shadows and sunshine, but he was a man, and was not unimpressible to those circumstances in which he lived, and thus after the lapse of centuries, to be able to see, even in a most faint manner, some of the surroundings and earthly dependencies (*abhängigkeiten*) in which his being was once encircled, is next to communing with him in his most personal and characteristic works. In this low-roofed chamber, Luther's soul strengthened, sharpened, and gathered itself for the outside conflict. Here, through profound and hidden arts, he invoked the bright spirit of Intelligence—

“Terror of darkness: O thou king of Flames
That with thy music-footed horse doth strike
The clear light out of crystal, on dark earth,
And hurl'st instructive fire about the world!”

Here his soul retired from the strife, to be calmed by the ministration of those balmy affections, which he had himself as it were created and *dared* to enjoy. Here he called about him his family and his heart-friends. Here the tender voices of his children joined with the sound of his own voice and harp, and he was reminded of the time,

when he, with his little barefoot fellow-choristers, wandered from door to door, singing as the sun arose and declined, hymns that awoke the pity and piety of the hearer. Doubtless he often related to his children at such times, how a good and rich lady of Magdeburg, struck with the beauty of his voice, and the taste and fervor of his singing, took him into her house and family, fed him, clothed him; and gave him the means of a thorough school education. Perhaps upon this very old massy oak table the evergreen Christmas tree was erected, and ornamented with burning tapers, and hung around with toys. Perhaps upon it, he wrote the conclusion of that Translation of the Bible, which was begun in his exile at Wartburg, and we might almost see him now pen in hand, waiting to put the spirit and the life in the sentence which Melancthon is drawing out from the original Hebrew. Over this table undoubtedly, his head often bowed in prayer, and these walls listened to the strong appeals of a soul whose great power lay, after all, in its perfect faith in the efficiency of prayer, and in the real gift of the Holy Spirit. He rose from his knees to shake Rome. Luther's life swung between prayer and action, or rather was a life of continual prayer, for his study, or his best study was prayer, and being a man who prayed as he studied, who continued "instant in prayer," he thus was not merely a lover but a *seeker* of truth, a half-century long and agonizing seeker. And this we believe to be very great praise, belonging to too few in the world's history. Many love truth, but many do not agonizingly seek it. Herein Luther differed from Erasmus, "that

small pale man who feared to die," and from many others of his age; perhaps he did not see more clearly than they, but when he saw, he advanced; when he was clear, he embraced with his soul; he was no nurser of mysterious opinions, but a noble confessor and martyr of his belief; and he did not stop with one great discovery of truth, or one achieved effort of reform. but he went on from the Indulgence victory, to the Mass triumph, to the pulling down of Papal Infallibility. to the advancement of purer theology, to the perfected day of rational freedom in spiritual things, to the consummate glory of seating religion upon the unshakable throne of Revelation. We should not think it even essential to contend that Luther always *found* truth, or that he found all the truth to be found; and yet, no man ever set about finding it in a better way. He separated himself to it. time, talents, body, soul, as a victim to the altar. He did not spare days of iron toil, or nights of unresting study; he refused to encumber himself with secondary cares; he kept his mind clear and elastic by healthful, and cheerful practices; he maintained his spirit pure and God-illuminated by continual prayer; *he won instruction from above*; and he went directly to draw from the living wells opened in the Divine Word, of whose Truth he was also a suffering witness. Was not this as sure, and as philosophical a method, as that of any *à priori* method, where a predetermined theory being engendered in the mind, all things, thoughts, proof, learning, are afterwards shaped to match its uncertain character. Truth is not gross. but does it not still have a body, a certainty, a certain habitation, and

to find it, must not one be willing like Luther, to seek, to advance gradually, it may be painfully, to use the best guides, and never to imagine that he has found truth, merely because he has had some vivid dream of it. No one, at least, friend or foe, will call Luther a dreamer. If ever a man created, lived in, and contended with the *actual*, and with his eyes open to it, it was he.

From Luther's room I went just without the Elster gate to see the spot where the oak once stood, under which Luther burned the Pope's Bull. A thrifty young oak now occupies its site, surrounded by a high paling, within which flowers are planted. The tree stands upon the rising bank of the Elbe, and commands a broad panorama of meadow and river. It is a free, open, and unconfined spot, as if the bold deed itself transacted upon it was not intended to be "done in a corner." Here Luther at nine o'clock in the wintry morning of the 10th December, 1520, encircled by his friends, the students of the University, and an immense concourse of people, having caused a kind of funeral pyre to be erected and set ablazing, hurled into the flames with his own hand "Antichrist's Bull," as he pronounced it, and the Book of Papal Decretals, speaking in a loud clear voice these words from the book of Joshua: "Because thou hast troubled the Holy of the Lord, so be thou troubled and be thou consumed in eternal fire!" In impressive contrast with this aroused action, this drawing the bolt from the ban-lightning of the Vatican, through this same Elster gate, Luther's pale, inanimate corpse, brought home from Eisleben, was borne

past his house through a great multitude of weeping citizens, students, professors, and friends, to its last rest in the Palace Church.

From the Elster gate I walked around outside the crumbling, ivy-hung walls and dried moat of the town, and entering the Palace Church gate, proceeded a little way up the street to Luther's Monument, standing in front of the Rathaus or Town-Hall. It was erected by the predecessor of the present King of Prussia, Fred. William III., and is altogether a costly and worthy memorial, worthier at least than that *wanting* statue in the German Valhalla. The large square pedestal is of red polished granite, and the statue itself, which is of colossal size, as well as its canopied covering of light, open, Gothic work, are of bronze. The inscription upon it is one of Luther's pithy though rather homely versions of sacred text :

"Ist's Gottes Werk
So wird's bestehen,
Ist's Menschen's
So wird's untergehen."

The statue is modelled from a cast of Schadow, one of the best sculptors Germany has produced. It idealizes Cranach's portrait, and to my own thought justly ; for why should we not suppose that an artist like Cranach, although a remarkable artist and heralding star for his own age, was quite incompetent to represent much more than the strong, literal outline of a face. The poetry, or rather the truth, of portrait painting belonged to a later day, to Titian and Vandyke, who painted mind.

spirit, character, history, as well as flesh and blood. Would that we had a portrait of Luther from a hand like that of Vandyke. It would still be the bold, heavy under-jawed, square countenance; but there would be a more fine reflective grace thrown over all—a purer and higher spirit, or, as the Arabians say, his destiny would be stamped upon his brow, and a fire of genius and noble enthusiasm would stream from the blue eyes; and we would not only have the indomitable Reformer, and the hero of widest freedom—religious and civil—to whom the last unbound nation, and the last unbound slave may look under Christ, but we would have the calm thinker, “deep in the books of God;” the almost sole patient translator of the world of the Word; the creator of the language of his country; one who had mastered the learning of his time, had exposed the sophisms of Aristotle, and had shown the hollowness of the schools; the sometime poet and musician; the cheerful and witty companion; the first and ever beloved of his fatherland, who now lives in her heart more truly than any living man; the tremendous actor when the time called; and the affectionate, genial, pious, simple-mannered scholar, friend, husband, father, when at his own hearth, and surrounded by those whom he trusted and loved.

Augsburg.

AUGSBURG.

AUGSBURG was not one of the least of those imperial free cities which dotted the very centre of the old German land, where were wrought the transactions that influenced the political and social condition of Europe—of which towered, dreamy Nurenberg was one, and cathedral Regensburg was another—which can only be compared in the past with the imperial free city of Athens, and the Italian free cities of Florence and Pisa, small but self-sufficient republics, which from a defensive grew to a formidable power ; whose commerce traced every discovered corner of the globe ; whose arts still show wondrous hazard, richness, stability, and piety ; whose armies fighting for principles, when the storm had passed, laid by the sword and matchlock to resume the hammer and shuttle ; whose battle-cries ever rose first and loudest in those conflicts of civil and spiritual freedom, which shook and finally regenerated the middle ages, and whose influences in Central Europe are still living, working, and potent to regenerate.

Although dwindled from its ancient splendors—reduced from an integral government to the insignificant frac-

tion of a feeble kingdom—the far-reaching arms of its trade withered, its burghers all laid in their sculptured tombs, Augsburg is even now not without witness of its vanished greatness. Its principal street, lifeless and still, like that river in Canada which the ebb of ocean leaves entirely dry, nevertheless awakes the sense of grandeur with its truly imperial breadth and length, and the certain sombre stateliness of its houses, covered as they are with blackened carvings and faded frescoes. But the glory of Augsburg is of a more peculiar nature—a higher light shines around its gray towers: for here was born the hope and confession of Protestant Christianity. The benefits which a reformed religion has given to the world, the falsities it has swept away—the individuals and races it has lifted from debasement—the hearts it has bound up—the souls it has redeemed—may in one true sense date their beginning from the confession of the German Protestant Reformers, first pronounced within the walls of Augsburg, although the spring of it all is still further back and rose up in Bethlehem, and is from the bosom of God. The Reformation, an “incorruptible seed,” sown in the heart of one man by the finger of God, slowly ripening in the depths of his prepared spirit, bringing upon him, when from time to time proclaimed, hailstorms and tempests of danger and malediction; by degrees drawing other hearts to its defence and nurture; resisted at every growth as a monstrous heresy; fulminated against by the highest powers of Church and State, yet gradually gaining breadth and ground, making most important additions of

intellectual and civil support ; rearing itself because it was truth, step by step with even firmness and regulated strength against the essentially hollow errors of the age, had finally attained a point where policy itself dictated a recognition of its claims, and a haughty hierarchy could not deny their pressure ; then was the Augsburg Diet assembled, and the Augsburg Confession drawn up and adopted. God's Spirit never left so luminous, and straight, and broad a path from beginning to result in the history of man.

On the afternoon of the 15th of June, 1530 (so the old German chronicles relate), the Emperor Charles V., after an eight years absence from Germany, arrived under the walls of Augsburg. The whole city went forth to meet him, and he entered the gate engirt and followed by the high legates of the Catholic Church, the first princes and nobles of Germany and Spain with their retainers and banners, the councillors and rulers of the city of Augsburg, two thousand troops of the municipal guard, splendidly arrayed, and a thousand lances of the Imperial army. The emperor himself rode on horseback, under a moving silken canopy. He was at this time at the top of his colossal power, the undisputed lord of Germany, Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, Spain, Naples, Sicily, Burgundy, the Netherlands, Mexico, Peru, and the New World without limit. Such power in the gradually popularizing gravitation of all human governments will never be possessed again by one man. His personal appearance was kinglike. His form was of good size, and his limbs long and rather slen-

der. His face was grave and even stern, with marks of high cares, and of a certain reserve and coldness of temper. Charles V. was a man of decided, but slow ripening genius, whose motto '*nonulrum*,' perfectly characterized his thoughtful, patient, crafty, yet athletic and vastly ambitious mind. He was intellectually superior to the childishnesses of his age, but inferior also to its childlike enthusiasm and sincerity.

The procession moved on through the broad Maximilian Strasse, up to the Cathedral, where a Te Deum was sung and the Romish Legate Campeggio pronounced the benediction. All kneeled excepting a few Protestant princes, who, heroic in their new Faith, would exhibit by no word or sign, any lingering respect for ceremonies or worship, which they considered inherently corrupt. The next day was the day of the Festival of the Holy Body of Christ, and all persons in Augsburg were required by Imperial command to observe the day with its accustomed religious exercises, and to take part in the services of the Cathedral. This was the very question at issue, and corresponded precisely with the question respecting the celebration of the mass ceremony in Edinburgh at the time of the return of Queen Mary, and here in moral superiority to the Scottish princes, the nobles and leaders of the Protestant party positively refused to obey, and one of them, the Margrave George of Brandenburg, told the Emperor that "before he would so betray God and his Gospel, he would kneel down before his majesty, and suffer his head to be hewed from his body." This speech he accompanied by

a significant and energetic gesture. The Emperor, seeing the steadfastness of these earnest and noble men, granted them the freedom to act as their consciences dictated. Upon the following day the Diet was opened by speeches from the Pope's legates and the German princes, at first upon the old matter of the war against the Turks, but afterwards upon the true object of the Diet, the religious condition of Germany. It was boldly and distinctly declared that something serious, remedial, and immediate should be done;—that the edict of Worms, which condemned Luther as a heretic, repressed his writings, and established a censorship over the German press, was no longer to be endured;—and that the claims and desires of so numerous and powerful a body as the German Protestants, should be formally and solemnly attended to. It was at length decided, with the consent of the Emperor, that the wants, and the peculiar religious tenets of the Lutheran party should be set forth clearly and succinctly in writing, which statement, if approved, should form as it were the constitution of a new and independent church. The disciplined pen of Melancthon had already performed this task. The document was signed by the chief princes, nobles, and distinguished men of the Protestant body, and declared to be ready for a reading. Charles, ever secretly opposed to the reform movement, not so much from any clear religious conviction or profound spiritual sense of divine truth, (as a German poet said of him,

“In diesem Riesenbusen wohnt kein Hertz,
Nicht tont in ihm der Gottheit Anklang wieder,")

but rather from political motives, being sagacious to perceive that the free tone of thought assumed by Luther and his followers, opposed genuine obstacles to his life-revolved plan of universal dominion,—when he was informed that the confession was prepared, immediately endeavored to prevent a public proclamation of the same, declaring that a private perusal by himself and his counsellors was sufficient. But a greater power than his controlled this event. The indignant and persevering rejection of the Emperor's proposal by the Protestant party resulted in a decision that the 25th of June, 1530, should be the day appointed for the reading of the Instrument.

The Emperor, still determined to render the confession of the Reformed Faith of as little weight and impressiveness as possible, to weaken by political formalities its moral power and life, to dephlogisticate its hidden, dangerous spiritual fire, changed the place of the next meeting of the Diet from the "Golden Hall" of the Rathaus, to the small chapel of the Bishop's palace, where he was then residing. This room would contain comparatively few persons, but the feeling ran so high, and at the hour of assembling the Diet the crowd collected was so great, that the windows of the Chapel were taken out, broad steps were erected up to them upon the outside, and the immense square in front of the Palace was soon filled with an eager and listening multitude. The chamber itself, which I visited, though now somewhat changed, appears to have been a light, airy, and a highly gilded and adorned apartment, and the ancient episcopal and papal insignia are still to be seen in its

rich wood carvings. Charles was seated on a raised dais, flanked on either side by his Catholic princes and clergy, among whom were to be recognized his brother and successor, King Ferdinand, the wily and honey-tongued Cardinal Campeggio, the violent and utterly implacable opponent of Lutheranism, Duke William of Bavaria, and its earlier and more magnanimous foe, Margrave George of Saxony. On the opposite side of the room sat the nobles and doctors of the Protestant party. At the head of these was the Elector Frederic of Saxony, the firm-minded son of the great and pious Frederic the Wise, the oldest friend and unflinching protector of Luther. Luther himself was not present. He had voluntarily remained behind at Coburg, generously supposing that his presence in the heated state of affairs, might possibly mar or prevent the peaceful settlement of those interests, the unfolding of whose measureless importance was owing, through God, to his own efforts and intellect. His place, however, was filled by an entirely worthy representative, a small unobtrusive man, with a high forehead, pleasant blue eyes, and mild, contemplative face, clad in "a long blue surtout, with white sleeves, and buttoned close up to the neck." Such was Philip Melancthon in his outward appearance; it would be more difficult to describe the features and proportions of his ample, ornamented mind, which, beyond that perhaps of any historical man, illustrated the "*vim temperatam*" of Horace,—the power of a mental reflection from which the passions, small by nature or repressed by principle, were withdrawn, and a tranquil surface covered

profound depths of clear thought. Two copies of the confession were presented to the assembly, one in Latin and the other in German. The Emperor made known his wish that the Latin copy should alone be read, but the Elector Frederic spoke out intrepidly, "We are standing, Sire, on German ground, and your majesty should allow the German exemplar to be read, so that all may understand to what we confess." Thereupon Charles waived his desire, and the Saxon Chancellor, Dr. Christian Bayer, read the Confession in German, in so loud and distinct a voice, that not only all in the room, but those at the windows, and the whole multitude in the court of the palace, heard his every word. "The reading," says a German author, "occupied two hours, and during that time *there was a wonderful stillness* ; assuredly, a scene whose true sublimity has not been equalled since the days when the Christian religion itself was proclaimed to men. The moral close of a conflict in which the flashing cross-lights of heaven and hell had mingled, it was the firm shining forth of the pure, mild, resistless element of truth. The actors, the interests, the influences to follow, constitute it a central point in the post-apostolical history of the Church, and the turning point of a reflow of pure Christianity from its natural decadence after its positive introduction into the world, to its renewed, progressive and eternal triumphs.

The Confession itself, regarded in a historical or religious view, is a clear, powerful, and dignified production. It commences with a respectful address to the Emperor,

a few briefly but very strongly expressed reasons why a universal ecclesiastical council should be called, and the declaration that all which follows is derived from, and rests for its authority, solely on the Holy Scriptures. The body of the Confession is divided into two parts, the first part stating the entire religious creed of the Protestants (who had obtained their name but the year before at Spires), and dwelling more particularly upon such doctrines as had been obliterated and lost sight of in the Romish Church, especially the doctrine of Justification by Faith; the second part stating formally and separately what were conceived to be the distinct errors of the Romish Church. This Confession, with the exception of the "Locci Communes" of Melancthon, may be considered to be the first full, pure, and intelligent digest of Christian belief, as drawn simply and directly from the Scriptures, which the mind of man had ever made. It is not perfect; for the Bible, on which it rests back, is the only perfect source of doctrine, and, as the Confession itself implies, of genuine Protestantism; but it was as perfect as its authors were capable of making it, and no man then living was better qualified for the consummation of this work by his unspotted piety, pure heart, accuracy, supereminent scholarship, especially in the Greek, broad philosophy and calm judgment, than Philip Melancthon.

The monstrous opinions hitherto so liberally assigned to the disciples of the Reformed faith, were in this carefully expressed instrument, mildly shown to be unfounded calumnies. That faith passed out from the clouds like

the sun no more to be obscured. Its writer infused into every part and sentence of the Confession, the firm gentleness of his own spirit, and the divine love of the religion which it set forth. Luther is said to have written back when the Confession was sent to him for his approval : "I have read Philip's apology. It pleased me well, and I see nothing in it to alter, which indeed I could not worthily do, seeing that I could not myself tread so soft and so low. May it have much and good fruit, as we hope and pray. Amen."

Before "principalities and powers," in the face of the world, Protestantism asserted its claims, compelled them to be recognized, ceased to be a *sect*, and rose to the full honors and beautiful proportions of a Christian Church. It only now remains for Protestantism, having overcome its ancient foe and every other enemy of the pure gospel, to drop its glorious old war name, and to become what it is inherently, and in the golden victorious peace, will some time become—simply Christianity.

The Country Church. ,

THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

UPON a bright spring afternoon, a young American, the student of a beautiful art, and myself, started for a ramble from the city of Leipsic into the country. We went out of the northeastern gate, and were soon upon the broad plains in the middle of which Leipsic stands. We crossed over a portion of the battle-field, where the churning surge of conflict rolled backward and inward toward the city, and we stopped upon the almost lifeless plain to listen if no echo of the combat lingered still upon it ; but no sound came to our ear save the occasional low of cattle, or the faintly distant chimings of the Leipsic Cathedral. On these gently undulating plains of the Partha, and the low, flat meadows bordering the Elster, the wondering Saxon boor, like the hind of Virgil, turns up each spring with his plough, the half eaten blade and rusted cuirass, and enjoys his pipe and beer, sitting perhaps on the turf of a hero, or whistles as he cuts the grain, where a human harvest was mowed before the cutting death-wind of the cannon. Here were strown broken artillery wagons and overturned cannon, mingled with the dying and dead—enveloped in lurid, shaking curtains

of smoke, and rocked with the awful din of men, horses, roaring of artillery, and bursting of bombs. Doubly peaceful now from the contrast lie these sleeping plains, which give one a good idea of much of the scenery of the flat, monotonous land of Northern Germany bordering upon the Baltic Sea. No hill, no greenly-swelling eminence, arose in the distance, upon which the eye could for a moment gratefully rest; and on this side of the city hardly a tree was to be seen, excepting some shorn, leafless poplar, looking more like a signal-post or boundary-mark than a living production of nature. There were no fences as in our own country to partition and define the extent of different farms; no flocks of animals browsed on the interminable stretch of the meadows; and were it not for a windmill here and there, throwing its huge arms lazily around, like a giant awakened from slumber, one would have pronounced nature dead, and the land deserted by its inhabitants. Yet as we walked along, the sky-larks—birds we do not see in America—sprung on all sides of us in perpendicular flights to the clouds, leaving behind them a faintly lessening thread of melody; and do they not praise God in this like a mounting soul; for while they sing they ascend, and on the very heart-beating rounds of their song, they climb up into heaven.

We soon struck off from the main road, and took a by-path leading through several small villages, where the same still melancholy spirit seemed to dwell; low mud-walled cottages, with their tiny besmoked windows looking more like kennels than human habitations; clumsy

earth-besmeared wagons and rude implements of husbandry, rude as if belonging to the old Alemanni, lying carelessly before the cot-door; stagnant pools of water in the market-place; and a few old crones crawling around the streets with pipes in their mouths and great loads of sticks on their backs. We soon, however, reached a spot where the landscape was somewhat more attractive. It was the small village of T——, on one side of which, entirely removed from the rest of the buildings, and standing on the summit of a symmetrical green eminence, the pathway leading up to it being also itself grass-grown, was a little country church, nothing remarkable in its history or associations, but from its picturesqueness, or the frame of mind I was in at the time, or some other cause, has left a quiet but indelible impression on the memory of the feelings. The church itself was very diminutive, a hollow altar rather than a temple, but yet seemed built for ages. Its massive stone walls were surmounted by a red-tiled pointed spire, and only one narrow window appeared on the side. It was surrounded by gray and moss-grown tombstones, so close to the church, that the forms of the rude urns and the broken angels, cast their shadows upon its very sides. It seemed as if the graves had nestled up to the sanctuary, and as if the emblems of death and eternal life mingled with and by turns shadowed each other. How quiet, how holy a resting-place, I thought, on this little hill of Sion so nigh to the house of the Lord. Is there not sometimes a superstition of the imagination which does no harm to the faith of the heart—the clear

hope of the reason? As the sun rises, mounts to his zenith, and sinks to his setting, each ancient gravestone here catches a beam of his benignant smile, and peacefully the dust beneath sinks back to the dust whence it sprung. We laid our ear to the key-hole of the little church, and the sound of the wind, low breathing through its empty aisles, was most solemn—most musical: it seemed like the breath, the pneuma of the past centuries of devotion. The old oaken door, clamped with iron, and worm-eaten, and time-eaten, informed us in quaint figures of iron, that the date of the structure was in 1660, just forty years after the landing of the pilgrims; and here were we, sons of the pilgrims, sitting under the wall of a building reared on its small foundation, and dedicated to the pilgrims' God, and to the service of the Reformed religion, when the clock of time was striking the birth hour of our country; America had been new-born, a continent peopled, and a nation counting its millions, and weaving its colossal arms over a quarter of the globe, had sprung into magnificent existence: while this little German church, in old, slumberous Central Europe, had been quietly standing on the top of its small green eminence, pointing the time and pointing the eternity, looking down on the homely lives of a few peasants, and when their simple history was ended, gathering them close within its tranquil shadow to slumber until awakened on the morning of the resurrection.

Schiller's Cottage.

SCHILLER'S COTTAGE.

THEY who have resided for any time in Leipsic, will know how pleasant a walk it is, to turn off from the public promenade with its swarms of round-faced infant booksellers and their nurses, and passing over the bridge at the head of Frankfurter Strasse, to go through the Rosenthal, to the village of Gohlis. The Rosenthal is an extensive park, partly natural and partly artificial, mantling the southwestern environs of the city. It consists of well-grown, thrifty trees, and smooth green swards, with here and there openings in the wood to reveal a distant landscape, and now and then a rustic seat to invite a moment's musing repose. How desirable such parks would be in our own larger cities, affording to business men, toiling clerks, hard-working laborers, professional men who are bound to their local cares by steel bands, and by the stronger American intensity of soul, an opportunity daily to behold the calm, beautiful face of nature, to be shaded by the green leaves, to be wet with the down-shaken dew, to see the grass springing, and to hear the birds sing. All people must yield to the Germans in their healthy, ardent, cultured love of nature. This is

no artificial and feigned passion with them. It is ingrained with their own natures, even in instances where in other respects those natures may seem to be sensuous and coarse. The German merchant loves to lock up his business cares and thoughts in his small counting-room, and to go forth to breathe the fresh air without the crowded gates : to meet his friends and neighbors under the checkered tree shadows, and on the green carpets of the meadows, when the afternoon shadows lengthen, and as in the old Roman days, "the merry town empties itself into the fields." Then his soul is joyous as a child's, and he sports with the children who go out with him to learn the same lessons of the love of nature. His minute, artistic, and soul-animated observation of nature would surprise the stranger, and greatly softens and spiritualizes other more material traits. Even German graveyards look like embowered wicket-gates into eternity. Nature itself in Germany is every where carefully and ingeniously aided and heightened by art ; and it surely may be said, that never, as in other countries, are her original charms despoiled. A German does not cut down trees, but cherishes almost with the care of his Druid ancestors, all the venerable God-sown children of the oaken land.

Thus, almost by a step, you are free of the city, and, as if by magic, of all its memories, and breathing the pure, tranquil air of the forest leaves. From the extent of the wood, the crowd which may enter it with you is soon scattered thinly over its face, and your thoughts need suffer no disturbance, if now and then you should meet a

company of laughing, light-hearted students ; or overtake a feeble, white-haired valetudinarian ; or even encounter the brown-checked Jäger himself, who, with his green frock and short carbine, strides with a swift, free pace through his leafy domain. Here the birds, unterrified by the shot, hold their long summer revelry ; and the full, round note of the nightingale, clear and gently ringing as the undulating echo of a silver bell, may be heard on the hazy rim of the twilight. After having traversed the forest, you reach a rude wooden bridge, by whose side leans an old mill, through whose jagged wheel the darkly shadowed water rushes swiftly. A step beyond this, is the village of Gohlis ; and in a narrow lane of that village, slightly back from the road, stands a dwelling which goes by the name of "Schiller's Cottage." It is so modest, so humble, that it hardly seems to dare to look over the tall stone fence and lordly gateway, which modern respect and enthusiasm have erected before it. Its narrow face of rough, crossed beam-work and mortar is partially covered by a creeping vine ; and over two little windows that peep out from under the sharply slanting tiles, catching the rays of the evening sun, and glowing like two diamonds in his parting smile, are written the words "Schiller's Study." The gate itself bears this inscription in German :

"HERE DWELT
SCHILLER,
AND WROTE HIS SONG OF JOY IN THE YEAR
1785."

In poverty, with a dawning reputation that had made more enemies than friends, as yet unpatronized by dukes, and unsolicited by kings, an exile and stranger, "here dwelt Schiller, and wrote his *Song of Joy*." The song thus written was the song of a strong soul, and of none but a born poet, to whom, as was Schiller's favorite idea, God had given genius to be developed irresistibly, as a native crown of royalty. The poem itself belongs to his more youthful period; and in spite of its fiery singular mixture of the Christian and pagan, philosopher and bacchanal, has outshooting gleams of noble thought on flame; and in the reeling, flushed face of a satyr, bears sweet eyes of love. Schiller, we believe, loved man, though he himself was high and haughty. The following is a plain but nearly literal translation of the song, with the exception of two strophes and three antistrophes:

TO JOY.

Joy, the beautiful spark of gods,
Daughter from Elysium,
We enter, as with fire drunken,
Heavenly one, thy holy place.
Thine enchantment knits together
What strong Custom rends apart;
All of mankind shall be brothers,
Where thy soft wing folds itself.

CHORUS.

Be ye now embrac'd, ye millions!
Be this kiss to all the world!
Brothers—o'er the starry tent
A loving Father there doth dwell.

He to whom the great lot happens,
To be friend unto a friend,
Who has found a lovely woman,
Let him join his jubilee!
Yea, who only *one* soul even
Calls his own, upon the sphere!
He who cannot do this, weeping
Let him steal from out our band.

CHORUS.

Whatever fills the mighty ring,
Homage yield to Sympathy!
She conducteth to the stars,
Where the Unknown hath his throne-seat.

Every creature drinketh Joy
From the fount of Nature's breasts,
All the good, and all the evil,
Follow in her rosy path.
She gave the vine that waketh joy,
And the love that's prov'd in death;
The lower joy is left the worm,
And the cherub is with God.

CHORUS.

Do ye bow yourselves ye millions?
Dost thou know the Maker, world?*

Seek him o'er the starry tent!
There above the stars He dwells.

Joy is called the mighty balance
In eternal nature's round.
Joy, Joy drives the wheels revolving
Of the world's gigantic clock.
She allures the flowers from blossoms,
And the suns from firmament,
Spheres she rolleth in the spaces
Th' astronomer knoweth not.

* Dost thou innerly perceive the Maker, world?

CHORUS.

Happy as her suns are flying
 Through the heaven's splendid plain,
 Brothers, speed upon your path,
 Glad as hero to the triumph.

Out from Truth's fire-flaming mirror
She upon the seeker smiles.
 Up the hilly steep of Virtue
She doth lead the sufferer.
 On Faith's sun-illumined summit
She doth let her banners wave,
 Through the grave's wide-rended portal
She flies to the angel choir.

CHORUS.

Bear courageously, ye millions!
 Suffer for the better world!
 There above the starry tent
 Will a great God yield requital.

The gods themselves can none make richer,
 Beauteous 'tis to be like them.
 Wo and Want shall e'en be welcom'd
 With the joyful to have joy.
 Hate and Wrath shall be forgotten,
 And our death-foe pardoned be;
 No sad tears shall wring his spirit—
 No remorse shall gnaw him more.

In the remainder of the song, the poet is hurried on by his impetuous emotions—torrent-like in love as in scorn—into what seems to be hardly less than the insane. And thus Schiller is often overcome and bound captive by his own feelings and conceptions, all unlike Goethe; though the comparison of these is as threadbare as a coronation robe, and yet it is still royal purple; for these

are the two kaisers ruling at one moment over the German empire, and before them and after them. are no more emperors, and they both together represent in Germany, what the single imperial mind of Shakspeare does in England and America. Goethe is ever master of his imaginations, and "the spirits he has raised" *obey* him; and he sits above them calm as Merlin, and waves them into life or into death. He plays with his spiritual offspring as a father plays with his own children—caressing, indulging, and sending them away. He is too sagacious to be vanquished by the creatures he has made; and too philosophical, with his unpardonable faults, thus to be consumed by the fires he has himself kindled. But this self-martyrdom—this all-spurning earnestness—makes Schiller the beloved, the passion, of Germany. With whatever unevennesses, he is placed in the deep shrine of the breast, while the calm, polished, great Goethe is raised on a lofty pedestal in the more outer vestibule of the mind. To enter a German soul, Goethe, we think, would be met before Schiller, not because he is himself less profound—for he is more profound—but because Pride stands nearer the door of the soul than Love. I cannot but find myself concurring in the almost unique opinion of another, that Goethe is even more truly subjective than Schiller; although while apparently impassive himself, he has thrown a more living, objective, natural light about all his creations. He is deeper than Schiller, though less to be loved. Goethe was as a great iceberg, broken from the Northern Ocean, and floating down into more populous seas, magnificently

gleaming with every splendid color of heaven, and glowing with every swiftest tint, but far the greater part was hid in the black lone waters. Schiller was more like a noble tree, rooted in our dear common mother earth, bending its proud branches to the lowly earth, and yielding its fruits, as it would have yielded its life-currents, to men, while at the same time it shot loftily up into heaven, and defied the lightning of heaven in its arrogance. But to Schiller will Germans turn, and not to Goethe, in their woes, joys, freedom-struggles, and spirit-despairs.

The Hartz.

THE HARTZ.

THE Hartz traveller from Berlin [makes his first stop at the city of Magdeburg on the Elbe, the ancient capital of Northern Saxony, its elephantine walls still estretching around it; in whose river castle Baron Trenck, of school-boy sympathy, was long confined; where Luther, as a little charity scholar, sung hymns from door to door; which stood as the towered foreground to so many scenes of the thirty years' war; and which was sacked by the Austrian Tilly, who slew thirty thousand of its inhabitants in revenge for their manful resistance to his arms. One sees in the cathedral the helm and right gauntlet of this captain, whose name has gleamed down to us through blood and smoke, a watchword of terror, although history does not deny to it the praise of faithfulness and power. Austria and tyranny never seem to have lacked their Tillys; their supremely devoted, able, and too often successful champions. Tyranny has its spiritual correspondence in the very natures of some men, and there is therefore that enthusiastic harmony of motive and plan which makes

strength. The Cathedral of Magdeburg is a majestic pile, but rather plain and bare when compared with the prodigious luxuriance of ornamental stone-carving usual to Gothic structures belonging to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It contains among other monuments, one of a noble frau, who after she had been buried some days, revived, and came out of her tomb. Those of my readers who would desire to know more of this strange history, must of course go themselves to Magdeburg, and inquire of the pleasant old lady who told it to me. She will, I doubt not, give them full and minute information, for she had a tongue in her head, and she loved to hear it wag.

I talked with her full half an hour, standing in the cool shadow of the cathedral spire, while she gestured energetically with a bunch of keys nearly as large as her turban. She entered into all her family history. One of her boys had imbibed the religious gloom of the old church in his spirit, and he was going to be a preacher; another had studied its stones and its pillars, and followed with his childish eye its grandly springing arches, until they met and crossed in the high airy vault, and he was going to be a master mason. I left my old lady of the keys, and took a "post-wagon" to Halberstadt. This is a small city, still upon the plain, but within full sight of the "green palaces" of the Hartz mountains. Having no companion with whom to make a genuine student pedestrian excursion (the excursion to the Hartz is a favorite one with German students), and there being no

public conveyance to many of the localities of the region, I found it necessary at Halberstadt to hire a small mountain curriele.

My coachman was a decayed postilion, who still wore his jackboots, and had not forgotten the ancient knack of making his whip sound like the report of a pistol. We commenced our journey from Halberstadt in a rain storm, and for the first few miles encountered no animated existence, excepting occasional flocks of geese, each tended by its little griselda, who sat patiently knitting on a rock hard by, clad in red petticoat and wooden shoes. But soon the clouds rolled away, and beneath the dewy-glistening beams of the sun, a large company of Prussian lancers practised their morning exercises in a wide meadow at our side. Some of them were picketed at a great distance, others had alighted and were standing in negligent attitudes by the side of their horses, and others still were in full action, spurring their steeds and swinging their lances, while the officers at regular and central positions, sat upon their chargers immovable as statues. Before reaching the mountains, we passed through the quaint town of Quedlinburg, the birth-place of that pure genius Klopstock, the ushering star of German literature. The streets of the town were so narrow, that verily it seemed as if one, standing in the centre with his arms extended, might have grasped the pipes of the red-faced burghers who puffed away in solemn rivalry at their miniature windows on either side. Soon, however, the steep, frequent hills—the darkly wooded vales—the roaring, shingly

streams—the bare, split, granite rocks—informed us that we had arrived at the Hartz highlands; and full noon found us in the Selke valley at the foot of the mountains, upon whose high, sharp peak stands the gray Castle of Falkenstein, as if its walls grew out of the gray rock and were its termination.

The first sight which greeted my eyes on entering the walls of the castle, was an extraordinary one. In the ancient banqueting hall, now used as a room of entertainment, sat twelve German students, bespectacled, bebloused, and be-bearded, who were smoking their pipes, roaring their songs, and quaffing beer.

I visited all parts of this finely preserved stronghold, even more impressive than Stolzenfels on the Rhine, because less re-antiquated. I walked through sounding stone galleries studded with broad-branching trophies of the chase; looked into the deserted chapel where the faded crimson tapestry still mouldered over the proud seat of the lord; glanced into gloomy chambers with stained windows, and black, carved oak ceilings; climbed up to the loftiest watchtower, and from its windy height, looked up and down the narrow valley of the Selke, catching here and there glimpses of other towers, each on its solitary peak, and once tenanted, like this, with stormy hearts; and yet who, with the faintest image of the gorgeous bannered Past painted on his imagination, can stand upon such spots—the desolate homes of chivalry—and not rush back in thought to the age when life was more vivid, personal, superb, bold; when one strait path led up to honor; when

the simplicity of song stirred the soul to difficult deeds; when the eye had a childish, exultant delight in the pomp and bravery of existence; when men's hearts were more simple, though deluded, and their actions more earnest, though full of madness and folly.

But peace to the old feudal ghost! We would not awake it from its Gothic slumber, nor stir a dust upon its escutcheon tomb. Every age has its own right hue, and proper light in the great fresco of Time; but we would not have back the age when the lurid, earthy light of a distorted faith shot across the picture—the pent-in age, when men's hearts needed to be riveted up in sheet iron, and their natures petrified in stone walls.* We believe that in our unideal age there is all that was great and good of chivalry; that nature still gives birth to knightly souls; that the spring of poetry still runs sweet, and clear, and free; that the beautiful in nature and art is more truly felt; that even woman, with all her demands, occupies a juster and nobler place; that if we are not so impetuously earnest, we are not so monstrously paradoxical, and do not so ignorantly miss and confound the elements of right and wrong; that if the picturesque, dar-

* With what matter of fact simplicity Froissart relates (taking exceptions only at the destruction of churches) the entire massacre of the inhabitants of Durham by the chivalric David of Scotland. "All were put to death without mercy, and without distinction of persons or ranks, men, women, children, monks, canons and priests; no one was spared, neither was there house or church left standing. It was pity thus to destroy, in Christendom, the churches wherein God was served and honored."

ing exercise of rough power is less uncurbed, we have real freedom of mind and body; that science has now realized more wonderful things than Ariosto's fiery imagination conceived; that if we do not spur forth against Saladin and Solyman, we are waging a crusade against spiritual error, and hosts of the "Prince of the Powers of the Air;" that if we do not rear Titanic temples to challenge the Divine regard, we do not perhaps so utterly neglect the more beautiful temple of God in the soul, whose arches rest deeper and spring more heavenly. Lo! I have written an essay on chivalry.

When I had descended from the mountain of Falkenstein, I sat down for a moment in the yard of the mill where I had left the carriage, and all the household, from white-haired and red-vested grandsire down to the little, tottling wooden-shoed child, gathered about me, offering every politeness which they could devise, evincing the greatest kindness to myself as a stranger, and the utmost curiosity in regard to America. I have ever found, in travelling in Germany, especially in the primitive parts, that however rude their knowledge may be of his country, the simple name of an American is a better opener of the heart's hospitality of the people than even the purse.

In a rude little mill in the Franconian Switzerland, I once held an unexpected morning levee, brought together by the mere report that I was from America; and I attempted to rectify some of the absurd geography, oversanguine hopes, and over-desponding views, of the good

people, whose group would have made a scene for the younger Teniers. Even the faint rumor that ours is a land which offers a *home*, if it never be reached, invests it and all that belongs to it, with a sweet, strange charm, like heaven. May it never be broken ! for the arms of our country, for ages to come, are great enough to go around, and gather in, and warm against its mighty heart the world of woe. All the poor of prince-ridden Germany and Europe might find house-room and kraut-ground in Nebraska alone.

The ride from Falkenstein to Mägdesprung through the valley of the Selke, is most charming. The mountains on either side are not extraordinarily high, but are gracefully rounded, and draped with the richest foliage. Among trees I noticed in flourishing perfection the oak (it may be remembered that the poetical name of Germany is "Eichenland"), the beech, the chestnut, the larch, the poplar, the alder, the birch, and also a species of fir called the "tannen." It is a tree of most striking appearance—the tree of manly lamentations, as the willow of feminine sorrow. The stem is straight and tall, and the limbs branching out regularly in down-bending curves, and forming together a conical shape, are clothed with long, dark, and heavy fringes of foliage. The green of this tree is so deathly sombre, its lines so harmonious and sweeping, its whole mass so still and shadowy, that, mingled with the rigid outline of the oak, the small and restless leaf of the birch, and the precise figure and light colors of the poplar, it forms a highly artistic contrast.

I met many a pilgrim with a knapsack upon his back, a staff in his hand, traversing this green and quiet valley ; and, taken in connection with the singular loveliness and peacefulness of the scene, I was reminded of those hopeful, tranquil, and sunlit passages, when Bunyan's pilgrim having conquered the terrors of the way, is coming into the brighter regions, and threading the valleys which run greenly down from the heavenly mountains.

Just as we had left the village of Mägdesprung, we encountered the carriage of the Duchess of Anhalt-Bernburg, drawn by four black horses, which came thundering down the mountain, accompanied by outriders. We had passed the ducal dwelling but a short time before. It may thus be seen that the Hartz, instead of being the wild and uninhabited region which we generally conceive from reading the accounts of poets and legend-writers, is the abode of wealth and gayety, with frequent villages, tolerable roads, and here and there ornamented estates and princely mansions.

Toward evening we drove into Alexisbad, whose Swiss-like site and chalybeate springs make it one of the most popular water-places in this part of Germany. It lies in a bowl of mountains, and contains a number of large and handsome houses, the most picturesque of which is the pavilion of the Duke of Anhalt, built in a rather too magnificent imitation of a Swiss cottage, upon the bank of the rushing stream which cleaves its way noisily down from the neighboring hills.

The next morning found us early on the road to Victor-

höhe ; but when we arrived at that commanding eminence, the little Rhigi of the Hartz, the mistiness of the morning caused the otherwise magnificent prospect to be limited and disappointing. We therefore resolved to push on immediately to the Rosstrappe. In order to reach this—next to the Brocken the most noted locality of the Hartz—it was necessary to emerge from the mountains, and descend into the plain that skirted their base. In accomplishing this descent, we passed through the village of Gernrode, stuck upon so exceedingly steep a slope of the mountain, that surely none but a man with one leg longer than the other could have lived there with any comfort. In driving through the plain, sometimes in the very black shadow of the hills which rose perpendicularly out of it like a green wall, the only living objects we encountered were shepherds and their flocks. It being the middle of the day, the sun hot and high, and sheep and master having eaten their fill, the former were sleeping huddled in a lump, with the keen-eyed dog upon one side, and Corydon stretched upon his back, his crook by his side, and his broad hat over his face, upon the other.

We at length arrived at the Inn of the Bleckhütte, not far from the base of the Rosstrappe Rock. The river Bode, an insignificant stream in the summer time, winds its circuitous way from the Brocken, which lies far back among the highlands, to the level plain out of which the Hartz mountains, so wall-like, rise. At this spot it makes its appearance, where a narrow and sudden gorge is cloven in the perpendicular front of the mountains, to

give it egress. I procured a guide at the village, and commenced the ascent of the Rosstrappe Rock. After a quarter of an hour's climbing, we came to a small pavilion where a barefooted "Mädchen" served out "berkenwasser;" and a bareheaded old harper, with none of the sublimity of Wilhelm Meister's, tinkled on a most feebly tintinnabulating harp.

I climbed the summit of the mountain, and at the extreme edge of a narrow rock jutting out on one side of the gorge of the Bode, and overhanging it fantastically, I was shown the veritable Rosstrappe itself, or the perfect though magnified impress of a horse's hoof in the rock, with its rim, nails, and projections. The legend is this: that the Princess Bremhelda, pursued by a terrific giant, leaped her horse over the chasm of the Bode, and the mighty charger's hoof, striking upon the rock, sunk in its surface and left the wonderful dent now to be seen. In the agitation of this tremendous vault the crown dropped from the head of the princess and fell in the stream below, where, when the sun shines brightly, the rayed glitter of its jewelled circle may be seen, as well as the flaming eyes of the demon dog who keeps eternal watch over it. The Germans delight to warm their fancy by such weird fires. They would visit and speculate fantastically upon the print of a spirit-steed's hoof in stone, and leave their own flesh-and-blood horses unshod. In truth, a love for the vaguely and wildly supernatural rests upon the most disciplined understandings. I have heard in a circle of university professors, philologists, theologists,

and philosophers, mostly old men, met for the purpose of scientific and scholastic discussion, a long paper read, occupying most of the evening, and listened to with absorbed attention, on the legend of the "Headless Huntsman." Over all the face of Germany the legendary light trembles and shoots, and every oak nests a sprite, and every stream sings a wild melody ; and perhaps this is well, for the rest of the world is growing practical and ignoble. The vivid impulse of the Greeks to people nature with mystery and invisible life belongs to the Germans. I have sometimes thought, in reading their poets, and in hearing educated Germans talk, that no persons ever desired more earnestly than they to have been born old Greek heathen. They mourn evermore for the "Golden Age"—the green and woody age—the age of the naiads and fauns—the age of nakedness, of reedy pipes, of frolic nature, of Pan, and of grape-garlanded Bacchus. Their romance has something Greek, sensuous and pagan in it ; something also, at times, too wild, baseless, and ridiculous to be even the beautiful and sportive creation of healthful minds. There is sometimes so much of earnestness in the most fantastic and absurd gambollings of the imagination, that we are startled to find them warming and furiously feeling, where we supposed they were, and where they were at first but sporting in the sun-rays of fancy. Goethe's idea of the "Golden Age," however, which he puts into the mouth of the wise and lovely Leonora d' Este, is more moderate and true :

“My friend, the Golden Age is long gone by:
The Good alone can ever bring it back;
And shall I truly tell you what I think?
The Golden Age, with which the poet loves
To flatter us, the perfect age, it was,
So it appears to me, as little as it is;
And were it really, it were only so
As we can always have it now again.”

From Rosstrappe Rock to the Golden Age : a mightier leap than the Princess Bremhelda's ! But the rock itself should not thus leap away from our notice, being, even if it were unlegended, extremely imposing. The Rosstrappe precipice rises eight hundred feet sheer from the waters of the Bode, which brawl with a feeble voice at its base. It forms an isolated out-jutting point, and is approached by a narrow peninsula of rocks, which, for greater security, has been guarded by a banister of ropes. Beneath lies the deep gorge of the river, whose shadowy line may be traced far back into the troubled ocean of mountains, even to dim Brocken, which hides its blue head in the clouds.

While sitting on the precipice enjoying the wild beauty of the view, as if the hidden Prospero of the spot had commanded his spirits to shift the scene and reveal just for one moment its more gloomy power, a low heavy cloud, the Ethiop offspring of the mists of the hills, passed between us and the sun, and as it moved slowly over our heads, its scowl visibly blackened upon rock and mountain, and a harsh growl of thunder rolled broken through the zigzag pass. But the cloud vanished ; and as the sun burst out

more dazzling than before, giving the scene an almost Italian gleam, some young Germans who had joined me commenced singing in manly voices a hymn of the "Lyre and Sword" poet, to the praise of fatherland. The young men sang one or two German songs of the feelings, which are equalled in no language for exquisite tenderness, simplicity, and melody, seeming to have been born of a sigh from the heart, and to have gone out on the air, and been fashioned by wind, and leaves, and rain, and waves, into a melody of nature which the heart at once reclaims as her own.

When we had descended *into* the ravine, the scenery grew still wilder and bolder. To look up from the foot of a precipice causes always a livelier impression of height and magnificence than to look down from its top; the natural sensation of superiority which we experience while standing upon a great elevation is converted into a feeling of insignificance while standing beneath it. The gorge into which we had descended—itsself scarcely five hundred yards wide—was shut in by perpendicular walls of granite rock, which at their summit shot up into numberless slender and spire-shaped peaks, standing sharp against the blue sky, and having all the effect of a colossal line of Gothic ruins. Sometimes these crags toppled carelessly over the very edge of the chasm; sometimes they leaned upon, crossed, and embraced each other; and sometimes they rose as straight and erect toward heaven, and almost as slim and tapering, as a mountain pine. This same character of columnar rock is seen at Tüchersfeld in the

Franconian Switzerland in absolute grandeur, where pillars tower up from a plain, like gigantically magnified palm-tree stems, larger perhaps at their head than their base, and one walks among them as a mortal pigmy in the ruins of some temple of Odin or Thor.

These fanciful crags of the Bode have also their fanciful names, such as the "Cathedral," the "Bishop," the "Nun," the "Giraffe Rock," the "Lion Rock," and the "Gate of the Bode." While following the noisy course of this mountain stream, which rushed along like a sobbing, terrified child seeking to escape from so sombre a place, and sport itself upon the broad sunny plain, we came across an invalided soldier, who had once confronted the "Old Guard" at Dresden and Leipsic, and who now kept a cave to make echoes in. He had besides a little bird which he had taught to come at his call and eat from his hands. The echo in the cave at the report of a pistol was at first stunning, then musical and softly ringing, like the dying tones of a great organ. One might almost conceive it to be the moan of a harmonious spirit shut up by magic in the mountain.

Our walk was soon terminated; and my black ponies, refreshed by their rest at the good inn of the Bleckhütte, carried us swiftly over the plain to the old town of Blankenburg, where Henry the Fowler once lived; where Louis the Eighteenth spent his incognito; and where, in spite of the short uncomfortableness of a German bed—its feathery avalanche of coverlet, its central abyss and Alpine pillows—I slept until broad daylight streamed into

the window, and the deep-toned clock struck half a score from the palace of Brunswick.

After a ride of some three hours, from Blankenburg, we came to Rübeland, where are the famous "Biels" and "Baumans" caves. I descended into the latter cave, with a large party of tourists, encountered on the spot. Each person was furnished with a small tin lamp, suspended by a wire upon his thumb. The guide informed us that, the year before, an American traveller had spent twelve hours in exploring its mysteries. The stalactites were of a smooth, glossy, dull surface, cold as icicles, and continually dropping stony tears. Sometimes they resembled huge, leathery, elephant's ears, but more generally were long, round, circled, and tapering, like the fabled horn of the unicorn. When struck, these petrified water-drops returned a harmonious sound. The effect of lights wandering around, at different heights and depths, in the mighty opaque gloom of the cavern, was singular: it was like those disconnected and seemingly causeless sparks of religious feeling, moving athwart the cavern of the human mind, before the sweet light of true piety has streamed into it and filled it. As we approached the mouth of the cave, the light of day shining in assumed a softened and silvery tint, and each person, as he passed out, appeared for a moment to be surrounded and etherealized in a mantle of white glory. A few hours' ride from Rübeland, through the barren region of Elend (Misery), where the opening scene of the May-day-night of Faust is laid, brought us to the pleasant village of Ilsenberg, situated

upon the plain, and having the Brocken in full view. Here I discharged my coachman, with a "trinkgeld." Toward evening, I hired a guide, and we started afoot for the mountain. We had several miles of plain to traverse before we reached its base, and we overtook many peasants with baskets on their backs, who, my companion told me, were carrying provisions and other articles to the Brocken House. "Yes," said he, "the old Brocken feeds many mouths." I could not help noticing one of those indirect benefits conferred by the poet on his fellow mortals, which, like bits of gold, are brought down from the mountains of inspiration by his stream of song. Had Goethe never written Faust, the Brocken would probably have slumbered amid its woods, as wild and as solitary as when the Doctor climbed its sides. Now the poem makes the mountain renowned; its renown brings strangers from all lands to visit it; the wants accompanying their visit furnish an opportunity for many poor people to have employment. Yet, how little did the rough guide think of this, when he said "the old Brocken feeds many mouths."

The ascent of the mountain itself, although not along an extremely difficult or savage path (for not even Brocken is so high a mountain as Ben Nevis in Scotland, or our own Mount Washington), yet the path had enough of wildness about it to allow one to feel no disappointment. Every rock was covered with thick, deep moss, the trees were large and shadowy, and at times, the traversing of a mountain ravine, overhung with curtains of dense birch-trees and toppling rocks, was through a highly poetical

gloom. We saw and heard, however, nothing of the supernatural on our way.

We were not guided, like Faust and Mephistopheles, by a talkative jack-o'-lantern; we did not hurry so fast that the trees waved, and the rocks bowed their heads and blew noisily from their "crag snouts" to greet us; we did not see "Mammon glow within the mountain," nor his palace shining for spirit-guests; we were not forced to cling fast to "the old ribs of the rock," when the witch-tempest rushed, and crashed, and roared through the "green palaces" of Hartz, laying the forest-kings low, and the unsanctified rout streaming "over Ilsenstein," settled down with hissings, and blarings, on the topmost Peak of Brocken. But, when we had clambered above the trees, and were approaching the rocky crown of the mountain, a veritable and furious tempest of wind and rain soaked us to the skin, and brought night and darkness suddenly upon us.

In the midst of this elemental war, we suddenly groped into the rude stone court of the Brocken-House; for we could not see twenty feet before us. I was ushered into a long room, where, to my amazement, were assembled nearly fifty persons: ladies, their husbands and brothers, students, musicians, guides, waiters, serving-maids, and soldiers. A good fire crackled in the stove; and, after getting thoroughly dried, I was thoroughly drenched again, on accompanying the "Herrschaft" out of doors, to view, through wind and rain and a faint glimmer of light, the "Tantzplatz" of the witches, the witches' "Hand-basin,

Caldron Altar," &c., fantastic fragments of granite rock, which, like gray cairns, encumber the little space of table-ground on the top of the mountain, and to which ancient traditions and the wild scene of the May-day-night, in Faust, have given fantastic particularity. Indeed, this very region of the Brocken is the birth-place and cradle-ground of German superstition as well as of heroic legend; for the half-deified Hermann, or Arminius, who rolled back the wave of Varus's invasion, sprang among these mountains. This was the last Christianized spot in the whole land; and even in the reign of the Emperor Henry the Fourth, heathenish fires glowed upon these peaks and in these vales.

When evening had fairly set in, we were summoned to a most abounding repast for the culm of a mountain, as if very literally "it snowed in his hous of mete and drinke," and a perfectly national repast it was, as it should have been on the summit of this German Parnassus. But the company did not seem to be a merry one, and it was not until a violoncello entered, and singing by the whole company was proposed, that any thing like sociability was seen. Then true German *clamor* began; for I have rarely seen (as well among the polite and educated as among the lower classes) any thing like free and genial intercourse, in Germany, without its being accompanied by considerable noise: all persons talking at once, and at the top of their lungs, so different from the low guarded tones of French society, and really expressive of the heartiness (*gutmuthigkeit*) of the German character.

The singing, which arose by fits and starts, like the storm without, was led by a huge and enthusiastic youth, a Göttingen Bursch, in a white linen coat and owl-eyed spectacles.

At four o'clock the next morning, a sleepy summons sounded through hall and chamber, calling up their inmates to see the sun rise. In a short time, all the Herrschaft had collected upon the tall wooden belvidere, not far from the low stone Brocken-House; and, had it not been for the real sublimity of the scene around, I should have been much amused at the scene at hand; for so blue-complexioned, pinched-faced, shivering set of mortals will rarely be seen at four o'clock in the morning, on the bald pate of a cold mountain, having left their uncomfortable beds to see the sun rise.

But turn we from the tower and its chattering company, to the mountains and sky. The day was not entirely clear, and a ponderous girdle of black clouds lay beneath us, belting the mountain, and shutting out the lesser hills and lower world.

By-and-by a slight tinge of the most delicate rosy light blushed around the upper border of the thick clouds, and smiled the sun's coming. As if to add more pomp to the morning-coronation of the great lord of day, and light, and heat, the winds began to swell with a deep roaring, like the prophetic sighing of the ocean before a storm, or the far-off thundering of Niagara; and when the sun at length appeared, his red disc vastly rose above the rent cur-

tains of the clouds, flaming like myriad globes on fire in one, and yet more increased by the earthly mists through which it rose. I watched its orb, filling with its inflamed vapory cincture almost one quarter of the heavens, until like a great and good name, it had purged itself from the fogs of a base world, and had commenced its unclouded, golden sweep to the meridian. I wonder not that the ancients, having fallen from God's worship, did next adore the sun.

But I was obliged to descend the mountain betimes, in order to take the Diligence for Hartzburg. So, after breakfasting, I commenced the descent with my guide. Before we were half way down the mountain, the belt of clouds in which we were enveloped, unclasped and rolled slowly away on either hand, opening before, below, and around us, a magnificent panorama. Immediately at our feet heaved the rounded and greenly-wooded summits of the Hartz Mountains, and beyond them lay the vast flat plain of the Baltic, the vision stretching even to the twin towers of Magdeburg, dotted with cities and villages, all bright and glistening in the cheerful morning beam. The sun's rays struck slantingwise into the thick woods, making here and there long spots and streaks of golden light upon the leaning trees and the mossy rocks. The terrors of "old Brocken" had fled; the scowl had passed from his forehead, and all unholy things had vanished with the storm, clouds, and darkness. We passed over the mountain of Ilsenstein, the way of the witches on Walpurgis-eve, where the iron cross had been erected to

the men who fell for Fatherland in the War of the Liberation, and we reached the inn of the Rothe Florelle, at Ilsenberg, just as the shrill horn of the postilion announced the arrival of the diligence, which was to convey me out of the Hartz.



German Music.

GERMAN MUSIC.

IN Leipsic, in the winter season, there are weekly musical concerts held, in what is called the "Gewandhaus Saloon." Here, in this centre of the musical art in Germany, one of the most perfectly practised orchestras in the land, perform selections from the great composers.

I thus, an unskilled one, had a glimpse into the wondrous house of Harmony—a little opening of the door to catch a moment's outsounding melody. Christopher North would, I am sure, have willingly lent me the title he himself borrowed, to characterize these "ambrosial evenings." I felt, after every concert, that a fresh world had been revealed, or my ear suddenly unstopped to hear, and that a new argument had sprung up, clothed in light, breathing in harmony, for the soul's immortality. I had an unbound freeness of spirit, that for a little moment sweeps purer regions, drinks nobler life,

"And the dull matter that confined before
Sinks downward, downward, downward as a dream!"

I first learned here of how much higher a grade is that music which appeals to the soul, than that which appeals

wholly to the feelings and the passions, or how much superior the German music is to the modern Italian music. I here became convinced that the grand character of German music was its spiritualness, or intellectuality, or *power of giving expression to thought*. After once listening to one of Mozart's exquisite instrumental pieces, my friend, who sat by me, asked me what I supposed was the idea intended to be illustrated by the piece. I answered that it had appeared to be the description of two conflicting principles; as, for instance, the conflict of the principles of good and evil in the human soul. Much to my surprise, he said that this, or something equivalent was the traditionary fact respecting this composition, nor, indeed, could one mistake the idea; for there were, throughout the piece, as it were two distinct voices, questioning, answering, arguing; at times, one voice storming, thundering, and trampling down all control, and then the other soothing, pleading, supplicating, in the most winning, the most pathetic tones, until gradually the controversy became calmer and evened, and at last the two voices flowed and blended in a delicious accord, chanting triumphantly and purely together the final victory of Truth and Holiness. I also call to mind an instrumental piece of Beethoven's, in which it is said that he desired to represent the coming of deafness upon himself: a calamity as fearful to the musician as that of blindness to the sculptor or poet. The piece commences with an abrupt thunder-peal: something terrible is to be announced to him—he listens—the truth is still dark—again breaks harshly the summons upon him, and with a

clearer meaning ; again louder, again clearer, until at length the whole measure of his gigantic calamity rolls in upon him like a flood, and he cries and wails in despair. But soon a ray of hope, trembles in upon him : he gathers courage and cheer from the thought that the soul of music lies within ; that, when the fleshly ear is closed, he could better listen to the spiritual melody—when the groans of mortality were shut out, he could better catch the harps of the angels—and he goes on, giving variety and expansion to this thought, gaining confidence and brilliancy as he proceeds ; and the whole closes in a strain of magnificent harmony.

The famous choral of Martin Luther, upon the text,

“Ein fester Burg ist unser Gott,”

which he is said to have composed while proceeding part of the way on foot to the Diet of Worms, illustrates the same idea. It is the most *religious* piece of music I ever heard, and breathes a spirit of resignation, spiritual firmness, sublime trust, worthy of the great errand he was then accomplishing. It has since become the German national anthem of freedom, civil as well as religious.

German music has another prominent characteristic which would impress the least scientific mind : its vivid dramatic quality, or its *picturesqueness*. One of the most memorable examples of this, which I recall, was in the “Passion” of Sebastian Bach, performed at St. Thomas’s Church, in Leipsic. I am quite satisfied that Art may not be applied to such themes, which

are beyond Art's limits. Reason and taste itself forbids the attempt to confine with our weak imaginations the immeasurable things that belong to God. During the dark ages of the Catholic Church, there are causes enough why such attempts should have been made, but now a clearer conception of truth should also heighten the awe of it, and while it increases the spiritual nearness, it should deepen infinitely the formal distance. Music is less gross than painting, but when applied to the last scenes of our Saviour's life, it left a painful sense in the heart, surpassing though its strains were. The Trial scene was represented, and the simple narrative of the evangelist is quietly and touchingly accompanied, until the words "Crucify him!" cried by the multitude. Then the music suddenly changes: it grows dark and turbid; the notes jar and cross each other harshly, confusedly; and, in their varied, discordant roar, you seem to see the very picture of the blinded and excited people, and you hear the mingled cries of old and young, the shrill scream of woman, and the hoarse shout of man, now sinking into low and threatening murmurs, then rising and swelling into diabolical violence and loudness. But the whole impression was a saddening one, and lowering to the religious sense. Another example of picturesqueness, which, although of a sacred theme, has none of the painful quality, being a subject of less emotional and intimately divine character, and rather connected with nature itself, which is the true field of Art, is the passage in the "Creation," upon the words "Let there be light, and there was light."

I heard the oratorio at the Sing Akademie, in Berlin; and the immense orchestra is perfectly silent upon the recitation of these words, until the last word "light" is uttered; then it bursts into one magnificent crash of harmony: louder and louder, swifter and swifter, higher and higher, so that the light seems to *stream up* into a very blaze of universal and glorious effulgence. It is related, that toward the close of Haydn's life, the "Creation" was performed in Vienna, in honor of his birth-day. The old man himself was present, and, in this passage of the light, the richness and magnificence of his own music completely overwhelmed him. With streaming eyes, lifting his hands to heaven, he exclaimed: "Not from me—it came from above!"

The great masters of Germany are now generally known and appreciated in America. I have spoken of Sebastian Bach—perhaps he is the least known of all, in America, yet he was a marvellous genius, and, if I be rightly informed, is considered in Germany as standing at the head of the *learned* school of music. He has accomplished incredible feats in harmony, evincing such power of abstract consecutive thought, as in philosophy would have made him a Laplace. Although the arrangement of his notes is greatly involved and difficult, yet their united harmony is sweet and noble, and the common criticism pronounced upon them is, that not *one note* could have a different position without destroying the beauty and symmetry of the whole. It has sometimes appeared to me,

not that too much stress is laid upon the unapproachable grace and sweetness of Mozart, but that not enough is conceded to him of sublimity and power. Often, when least expected, his music takes leave of earth, and soars circling up the heavens, and again rushes down, like a falling archangel, into so profound depths, that we start at the bare verity of the revelation. But when we discourse of sublimity, spirituality, mightiness of passion, and scope of imagination, let room be for the monarch of the lyre ! We can describe the ocean until its billows load our own sinking ship ; we can sketch pictures of the storm until its bolts scorch our own house ; so we can delineate the characteristics of the eloquent in Art, until our own minds become too absorbed for such calm criticism. And who will thus calmly and accurately criticise the music of Beethoven ? He who commences, in a critical frame, to listen to one of his Symphonies, will, perhaps, at its close, be lost to himself.¹ Where has he been ? What has he been doing ? His mind had, for a time, slipped from the obedience of its ruling volition ; it had been seized in the grasp of a mightier than itself, and hurried away into unknown, far-off, and spiritual realms. While hearing the current-like, sweeping, ascending, sphery strains of Beethoven, as if they were the weaving harmonies of the stars that “sang together,” at the birth of creation, my soul went forth into a firmament of pure light, ocean-like,

¹ The old Greek word *εξιστημι*, to take out of itself, expresses the idea.

illimitable, bathing itself in billows of sweetness, splendor, and glory: was a soul that had forgot all its sins, feebleness, mortality. I count it with the sight of the High Alps, with the greatest things of my life, to have heard the music of Beethoven in his own responsive land.

Delphi.

DELPHI.

IN company with a glittering-eyed Greek guide, a physical Hercules, I landed at the site of ancient Ægium, opposite the Crissean sea and the mountains of Phocis, at the spot where Plutarch is said to have planted a plane tree with his own hands.

Our abode for the night was a small chamber with four large windows, closed with board shutters, and with no furniture save an old earthen cooking vessel, which stood on the hearth. But this was marvellous quarters for poor Greece. Wrapping myself in an ample Greek cloak I slept that night upon the floor of my room. Towards morning I was awakened by the most violent tempest I ever remember to have beheld. The hail wrapped the sky in an icy curtain, crashing and swinging over the earth, beating us as we lay, through the broken roof. The lightning was of vermilion, broadly inflaming all things like the red light of Padalon, and the thunder was incessant, splitting, and awful, as if Hellenian Zeus had awoke from his sleep of ten centuries, and was calling in wrath to his old forgetful land. The tempest soon

settled into a dark, gusty, sluicing rain, and all hopes of crossing the Gulf of Corinth to Delphi for that day was idle. At a little deal table, which Andreas procured, I spread out my books and papers, but the frail tripod trembled at every storm-blast, and the papers were whirled and scattered like the leaves of Dodona.

On the next morning the sky having somewhat lightened, Andreas hired a small craft to take us over the Gulf. The wind, however, was feeble, and we were all the day making some ten English miles. The sun set streamingly magnificent, the clouds trailing around it being of a thousand dreamlike shapes, changing their golden hues into deepest crimsons and purples, and rolling their fiery columns in different directions, like a marching barbarian army in vermilion and gold. It was the same setting sun which flung its blinding beams into the eyes of the astonished Asians, on that eve, when, after the hard fought day, victory turned for the Greeks at Marathon. A bright light shone here and there upon the stern, bare mountains of the Locrian coast, while the rest of their surface was swathed in the deep shadow of a tempest gathering in the northeast, over the monarch tops of Parnassus. The sails, the forms of the crew, all objects on board of our little vessel were tinged with this solemnly bright light, which soon, however, grew dull as the sun disappeared, and the slow, black thundercloud quenched the heavens. The rain began to plash in big drops; the sea commenced to heave and moan, and the boat at the irregular blasts which swept by her, careened on her side

and threw the foam scatteringly over the deck. All thought that a tempest similar to the rack which had mingled earth and sky on the previous night was again to occur. The Peloponnesian sailors grew pale beneath the bronze of their cheeks, and even herculean Andreas lost something of the manly depth of his voice. But a change sudden, and in appearance quite mysterious took place, and we saw one faint star after another shoot out from a thinner curtain of the sky, and then on the far edge of the sea horizon, bursting rapidly through the clouds, the low swimming moon, as if sailing upon the bosom of the sea, stretched her sceptre of long light upon the tossing steel-black waves, which seemed to bow to the queenly gentle will, and gradually sunk from their rage. The wind hushed into sighs and silence, splendid stars crowded the firmament, and there was a glassy calm. We drew in nearer shore, and anchored for the night. Lying on the open deck, whenever I unclosed my eyes during the night, there were the silent stars above, countless, far brighter, though serener than in our mistier Atlantic skies, each star a moon of light, and within the shadow of the great mountains which circle Delphi, and under the very sacred peaks of Parnassus, I felt the influence of the old Greek mountain nature harmonizing, as nature sometimes does, profoundly with the mind, and, of all kinds of nature, over my own mind, mountains have the greatest sway. Mountains were the inspiration of the ancient muse of Greece, as Parnassus now silently attested. They have the power of *ever changing* life. There

is something like the moods of a powerful spiritual life in mountains, which was not lost on the susceptible Greek mind, for mountains, whether in Greece or Switzerland, are never the same; every day, and every hour in the day brings upon them some impressive change; as belonging more to heaven than earth, they seem, in certain states of the air to soar spiritualized, transcendental, emptied of bulk, and floating in space: then again, towards night, or under the frown of storms, they become black, ponderous, oppressive to the soul, the equilibriums of the planet and the thrones of power; then they laugh and flash in the full noon sun, vast altars of light and happiness; at times the clouds play grotesque tricks with them, dragging their enormous serpentine shadows over them, or wreathing themselves around their peaks like vapory garlands in the slow dance of gigantic spirits of air; then the whirling mist sweeps on like a spirit host, and in a moment the great forms grow dim and fade away; and then again the curtain of vapor parts in enormous rifts, showing portions of the wet sombre mountain from base to peak. But now it was a serene and solemn scene; the still stars glittering around the silvered and distant top of Parnassus, like a diadem,—like Poesy crowned with Immortality.

The next morning found us still becalmed, but by dint of hard rowing at the sweeps, we rounded into the little bay of Salona, at whose head we disembarked, where once stood the ancient populous Cirrha. The scenery here was of unrelieved loneliness. The mountains were bare of

all vegetation, excepting a kind of short red heath, that gives a scorched look to the rock, as if a huge fire had swept over the mountain. Add to this red-tinted rock and mountain, the water wherever it is seen, of the most intense sparkling blue, beyond even that of permitted art, and a sailless gleaming waste, and let all be still and solemn, with no sound of men, rushing of prows, lowing of cattle, singing of birds, and one may have a tolerable idea of much of Grecian scenery at this day. In Attica, the scenery has a more gentle pensiveness; the wild barrenness is softened by gleams of beauty shining through the shroud of death and desolation. There appears still a hidden promise of power in the wan and wasted features, if indeed it be not a divine law that a land flowers but once, and that the very causes of its decay exist to prevent those perfect combinations which result in greatness. The contrast of the past and present, and the poetry and power of the antique, moved me more in Greece than in Italy; Greece has a more pathetic beauty than Italy, wholly yielded up as it is to nature and glorious memory. But the land, it must be said, as a general thing, is a truly *savage* land; and the Greeks themselves, out of the few larger towns, are as savage as their land, and there is apparently the least of tractability in them, nor would it seem as if their fierce, bright, flashing eyes could be softened any more than the wild panther's. The lonely muleteer or herdsman whom you meet upon the mountain path, looks at you with a malign expression, and in country and town, from shepherd to areopagite, the hand is

right gracefully accustomed to grasp the inseparable pistol or dagger. But the modern Greeks have wrought their own freedom, and a shadow of dignity and sublimity has thus fallen upon them, rendering them sacred from a narrow and fastidious condemnation.

To come back to the little bay of Salona. We procured horses at our place of landing to carry us on and up to Delphi, the owners of them accompanying us, and striding along by our side in the hot sun, clad in shaggy sheepskins after the old Dorian fashion. We first traversed a long ascending plain, patched with the wild olive tree, and then commenced climbing the mountain upon the Corinthian track to Delphi. We stopped and drank at the fountain of Crissa, the classic name retained—

“Python the rocky, Crissa the divine.”

As we approached the site of Delphi, the marks of the old Delphian chariot-way were visible, bearing us back by a leap, ten hundred years or so. Upon a sudden turn in this zigzag, rock-cloven path, we saw the site of Delphi before us under a symmetrically curving mountain wall, sloping down into a grandly deep and sombre gorge. We stopped at a little kahn, kept by a Turkish woman who had turned Christian, the few houses on the spot taking the name of the village or demos of Castri. The ancient City of the Oracle was reared upon a series of broad amphitheatrical terraces still remaining, cut in the living rock, and helped by huge masonry, as if done for eternity. It is a gloomy, mountainous, rugged and commanding

spot, a place of serpents and eagles, of mist, thunder, and rushing winds; a colossal rock-based throne of old heathen power, where broad shadows sleep, and the stern mountains keep watch around, where one does not feel like smiling, or talking, but like dreaming, and his dreams will be of a gigantic ante-world of Silence and "old Night," of Uranos and Cronos, of wide-browed Saturn, huge as Athos, and of Prometheus bleeding on his crag. In the centre of the mountain wall, which rises perpendicularly and blackly behind the sloping plain of the city, stand two lofty adelphic peaks, between which, slides down the Castalian spring. From the narrow fissure which divides these two immense rocks or mountains, as if split by a shattering blow of Poseidon, about half up their summit, come streaming forth over the smooth channelled marble, the sweet cool waters that once bestowed the gift of prophecy. The mountain from which it flows, may perhaps by a poetic license, be called the base of Parnassus, but it is a *long distance from the real mountain*, which is not indeed visible from it. There is still the ancient cistern or reservoir hollowed from the rock, which gathered the inspiring waters. A little way down from this, on the first great terrace of the rocky plain, once shone against the gloomy back-ground of mountain, the magnificent fane of Apollo, fronted with purest Parian marble, the architraves hung around with the golden bucklers taken at Marathon, the pediments ornamented with statues of the sister of Apollo, the Muses and the Thyades, containing in its inner cella the great gilded statue of Phœbus Apollo, and in the pillared hall the sculptured image of old

Homer, crowded with the grandest works of art, with gods, demigods, and heroes, with the original of the Apollo Belvidere breathing in triumph, enshrining the ancient golden tables, and the most sacred relics of the religion of Greece, as the temple on Mount Moriah, reverently to make the comparison, held the ark, the candlestick, the rod, and the shewbread, and collecting from age to age the riches of the Hellenic faith in a tangible form, until the incredible sum of them inflaming the imagination of the Greeks, at length burst through the spiritual awe, and kindled the rolling fires of sacred wars. But for ages anterior, back to an unrecorded antiquity, Delphi formed the only point of moral unity amid the strongly repulsive tribes and states of Greece, or was the highest spiritual peak in Greece; the only one serenely above the storms of passion, interest and conflict.¹

Here was the holiest seat of the Greek religion, its mount of vision, its heavenly communion, its throne of prophecy, which indeed rose sublimely before the spiritual eye of all the Pagan world, and from the remotest regions formed the great centre of pilgrimage, offering and adoration. Delphi was the common seat of the universal mythical religion of antiquity.² Even before the legendary age of Edipus, before the song of Troy itself swept

¹ Even to the time of the first Peloponnesian war, the first article of the treaty of peace between Athens and Sparta, was that Athens might enjoy untrammelled, all the privileges of the temple, oracles and sacred games.—*Grote*.

² το ιερον κοινον—*Strabo*.—τριποδα κοινον.—*Euripides*. Commune humani generis oraculum.—*Livy*.—*Dodwell's Greece*.

on the shell of the Homeric hymn, the oracle of Delphi gave dark response, moulding the fates of men, families, cities and nations, and ruling the policy of Greece itself, to draw another comparison of the true and the false, as Horeb and Carmel ruled the civil policy of Israel. Here the leaders of still unconquered armies, laying aside the helm, awaited in pale prostration the mysterious announcement of glory or defeat, life or death. Here Rome came and bent her august head, feeling in her gigantic heart some faint shoots and pangs of a religious aspiration, confusedly and secretly acknowledging a will higher than her own; and can it be doubted that the religious feeling, original faculty, sense or emotion, which binds man to God and to a superior spiritual awe and obligation,—the inborn principle of natural religion, was really stirred and drawn upon in the worship of Delphi; and we would even hope that a beam of the supernatural however distorted, a sense of the divine however false, a trust of superior power concerning itself for inferior humanity however dim, an evidence of “the feeling after God” however blind, trembled on these hoary shrines, piercing goldenly through their crimson writhing smoke,—or that their philosophy was self-deception rather than fraud, delusion rather than the linking together of generations and centuries to nurture a solemn deceit and utter a lie. Undeniably the ancient heathen world, at least until the philosophic age, *believed* that Apollo, a divine being, here slew the Pytho, and founded at Delphi his own especial dwelling, as the revealer of unknown things to men.

The explanations which Plutarch gives us of the Pythian Oracles, might indeed apply to one lower, looser view of inspiration itself, that not the language nor the measure of the verse proceeded from the god, but that God communicated the intuitions, and kindled up a light in the human soul on the future. The evidence, however, of some of the best of the heathen is decidedly opposed even to the sincerity itself, of the oracles. Demosthenes declared in a public oration, that the oracle of Delphi, the most sacred of all, had been bought over to Philip ; and many entirely credible ancient writers have spoken out boldly of the shrines being invented and supported wholly by human craft ; and when power is grasped in any age through the spiritual susceptibility, it is not easily let go. Christianity alone, by her moral brightness and truth, has chased Apollo to far realms beyond the rim of the outer world-ocean. She has banished him as a god then and now, has burned and consumed his marble altar ; but his lyre she has strung again, and wakes it to strains awful and sweet as the heavenly thundering of Dante, the organ tones of Milton, the mountain melodies of Wordsworth. The only Pytho-ness whom I saw at Delphi, was a raven-haired Castriote maiden, a priestess of simple nature, who, with a water-pitcher on her classic head, looked at me with eyes full of dark wonder, that a stranger should examine so curiously the gently singing spring, whence she and her mother before her had all their lives drawn pure earthly water without having one pang of superior life. I plucked a leaf from a century-twisted olive tree that thrust its

strong struggling arms up through the antique fragments of the temple; and the man in whose crown of honor I would weave it, is that noble fellow-countryman who has carried to the land of Apollo the pure faith of the Gospel, and in suffering has interpreted there the lively "Oracles of God."

Parnassus.

PARNASSUS.

DELPHI is lone, low and incomplete without Mount Parnassus, the cloudy birthspot of the prophetic spring, the far skyey dwelling of the uttered inspiration. The morning when we started for the Mount of Song, was clear star light, and the sky was bright, but when we had penetrated into the inner foldings of the mountains, a sudden and almost total blackness came over the heavens, so that our craggy path was revealed only by scarlet gleams of lightning. It is quite impossible to give an idea of the thunder and lightning of Greece, where mountain, sea, and sun are so mingled together as to form a vast electrical machine, over which an almost continual flashing plays, and we wonder not that the vivid Greek mind read in the lightning and thunder the tremendous world-expression of Olympian emotion. We struggled on for about an hour in this tempest, the rain falling in sheets, until we reached some low stone uninhabited hovels of the mountain shepherds, where a knot fire and a cold breakfast restored our spirits, and as morning began to break, the storm gradually ceased, and we mounted our horses amid the slow-falling golden

rain-drops, which the sun darted through, making the whole earth glisten,

“Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold,”

and the last low roars of the thunder died away in the far Thessalian valleys. It was a perfect crystal morning, a day as of the time when the human eye saw the chariot of Apollo in the sun, the quick flash of the divine wheels in every broken ray—the toss of the golden-maned steeds in every shimmer of light; and the exulting hope of a fine view from Parnassus—so seldom granted—animated me greatly. Two hours sharp riding over a difficult path, brought us to the foot of the mountain, near the summit of which is the Cave of Corycia, the old habitation of the god Pan. Near the mouth of the cavern, three or four great white stalactites hanging from the roof like gigantic teeth, standing out against the pitch gloom beyond, form a curious earth-throat, and make a fit home for so grotesque a being; the ancient body of what was wild and capricious, yet not on the whole unkind in nature.

We at length descended into the broad but low plain, upon whose opposite side rose grandly, and swellingly abrupt, the immense bulk of Parnassus; a mountain of light-colored limestone, still further whitened, sublimed and glorified in the intense light of the heavens; a mountain with a long ridgy back, indented toward its northern extremity with a deep hollow like the seat of an oriental saddle, which is terminated in a somewhat bolder and

loftier peak, giving the bicepted aspect attributed to it by the poets, and in which the Latins follow the Greeks with their usual docility. After racing over the plain, and climbing up the lower gentler slopes of Parnassus, we dismounted in a grove of beech trees, and a Castriote war-beaten herdsman and myself commenced climbing the mountain on foot. Our way lay at first in easier ascent, through idyllic scenery—whole parks of bending venerable beech, pine, and evergreen oak trees—gray monumental looking rocks lifting themselves out of the living green of the plain, hiding shadowy ivy-tangled briery-mouthed caves—clear rapid brooks slipping over the bending unworn grass, and in truth, here and there a shepherd, with a crook, tending his long-haired Parnasian goats. Soon, however, the scenery grew more solitary, wild, stern, with trees cropped by the avalanche—precipices deep and huge,—shattered shaggy segments of the mountain—savage gorges bristling with haggard pine ; vegetation at last wholly ceased ; and we emerged upon the bare great neck of the mountain, above all the lower gods of fields, streams, and forests, in the company of the grand Olympians alone, paying for the insane ambition, by crawling like wounded worms slowly and wearily up the far-shooting height, over sharp-edged and loosely detached stones, which lacerating the feet, rendered the climbing almost as laborious as that of any loftier Swiss or other mountain I ever ascended. It was almost like an elongated scorified cone of Vesuvius. The sun, too, was devouringly hot, but as we gained by hard and panting exertion, in

which the dark face of my old soldier guide grew darker, higher and higher points of elevation in the transparent heaven of Greece, and at last after some two hours from leaving our companions, conquered the soaring peak—all weariness vanished “like a dream when one awaketh,” at a hitherto self-denied glance of the panorama, stretched as if in infinite lines of vividest light below us. I felt upon me, in truth, an inspiration. I was on the throne of the king of the lyre—song was in my heart, and I grasped for the lyre, but its tortoise shell and golden chords, were but the streaming dazzling beams of the noonday sun!

On the high point which we had attained, we looked directly off the back of Parnassus, as off a broken angle of the world—a tremendous precipice sheer and awful from the diminished Lycorean plain, unlike the more slanting Ætolian side of the mountain, up which we had clambered. Instead of two peaks, I saw that Parnassus had claims to *five or six*—Parnassus being only one of the Pindus chain, which embraces also Helicon and Cithæron, and runs even to the extremity of the Attic Cape. Indeed, the one grand impression of the land of Greece from any commanding summit like Parnassus, is that of its dark, corrugated, mountainous character. In every direction swell the black humps of the higher peaks, woven together by numberless ramifications of lower ridges, leaving no great area unintersected. The whole of Greece proper is a knotty conglomeration of mountain systems, crossing and interlocking, and thus forming skyey walls around little territories, making those haughty little states of old,

and as effectually separating them as if seas rolled between. A second almost equally strong impression of the land, is its greatly irregular ocean-coast, its singular deep indentations, where the narrow sea lies in the very arms of the land, thus opening a vast surface of coast for so small a country. This has often been noticed in its relation to the formative influences upon the antique Hellenic character, giving that nation the fluent, progressive, energetic stamp of a people maritime by the decree of nature. Toward the north of us, clear in the brilliant opal atmosphere, lay the purple mountains of Thessaly, with majestic old Olympus—

πολυδαίρας, ἀγάννιφος, εἰνοσιφύλλος Ὀλυμπος,

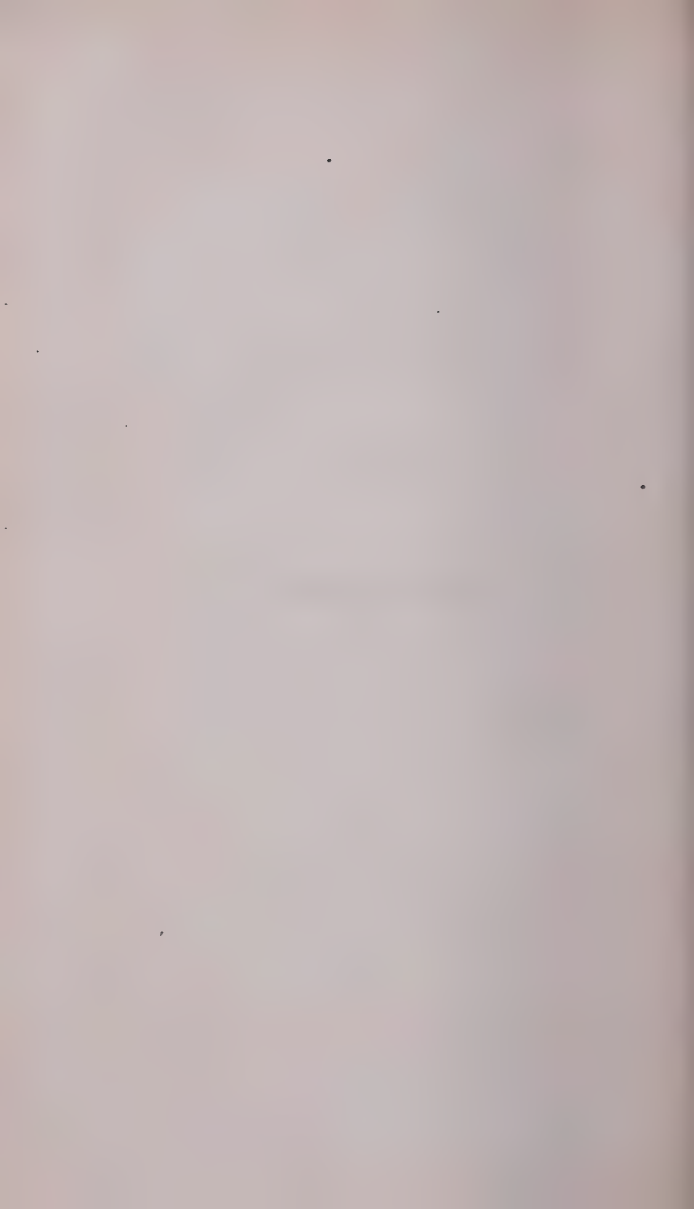
and the interval or bay in the mountains where *was* Thermopylæ; on the north-west, the oceanlike Alps of Epirus; on the north-east, the island of Eubœa, and the strip-like silver of the intervening sea; towards the south-east, the more indistinct Ægean, and the land of Attica; on the south, the mountains of Peloponnesus, culminating in the distant Taygetus; the blue gulf of Cornith glittering immediately below; Mount Helicon near at hand; and far away toward the south-east, the hazy Ionian sea, and the eye almost strained to catch the lone galley of Ulysses sailing that dim ocean. This is the noblest prospect in all the land of Greece, because Parnassus stands in the very centre of the land, and is the highest summit excepting Olympus. Here, with the easy conquest of a glance, one holds the entire earth, whose name has been enough

to wake the world when it grows slavish, sensual, stupid; whose arts have begotten art; whose sons' blood sublimed the battle field before the celestial battles of Peace were known; whose literature wraps a germ of immortality, and whose transparent tongue was thought by the Spirit of God worthy to be the medium of illumination from God to man. And the superior intellectual world still lives in and through Greece; and in Divine wisdom this rocky peninsula was intended to play its ineffaceable part in the mental history of our race, and a brighter, broader, and more pregnant glance of God's eye fell upon, and quickened these sea-washed rocks, and from them sprung keen and winged spirits, which now reign in all the intelligent affairs of men, at the hearth, the school, the study, the desk, the tribune, the senate, making Greece still the ideal intellectual centre of the world (as Delphi was the physical, where met the wide-winged eagles of Zeus flown in different directions from heaven), to which as the true and absolute standard, all works purely artistic, or which are the expressions of the pure thought-power, the art of evolving the true, must be brought, which is the final home of the worker in pure thought, so that as well as Eschylus, Plato, Aristotle, Pericles, also Milton, Schiller, Leibnitz, Webster, are real Grecians. But the splendor and joys of the actual light of the scene was not long allowed to me a barbarian, for a valley-born cloud whirled up the sides of the mountain, and with its misty brush dashed out the glorious land of Hesiod, Leonidas and Demosthenes, whose mountains rise also upon spirit-

ual plains, that cannot be dimmed ; and I descended the veiled throne of Song in carefulness and in fog, having neither become an inspired poet, nor mad.¹

¹ With the ancients, an ascent of Mount Parnassus, involved one of these consequences.

The Greek Ideal.



THE GREEK IDEAL.

WHEN a few days after the ascent of Parnassus, I saw the sun kindling its morning fires on the magnificent altarcrag of Acrocorinthus, and walked around the thin skeleton of the ancient stadium of Corinth—from which the Apostle Paul drew those strenuous metaphors, “We are made a spectacle (a theatre) unto the world, and to angels, and to men,”—“Know ye not that they which run in a race (in the stadium) run all, but one receiveth the prize?—And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things? Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible,”—I felt that here, where Paul had lived a year and a half, and looked upon this same impressive nature, as he went forth daily from the low tent-maker’s roof to call the dreamy crowds of the worshippers of mountain gods and concrete passions, to recognise the one spiritual God in the sublime works of his hands; doubtless using that noble argument penned in Corinth, “For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and God-

head, so that they are without excuse,"—that here, even the poetic light of Greece faded; and here, great Parnassus sunk and vanished away. Here was a spot where the false and true encountered and stood over against each other in simultaneous and very strong contrast,—the old *Naturalism*, the quick offspring of doubt, which was the child of sin, and born just without the gate of Eden,—the fear of the power of nature, the determination to disbelieve all but the near, visible, physical, empirical, and to worship nature (or the created world), as containing within itself the original energy, the normal idea, as evolving all things, as divine,—the fallen pantheism of the God-forsaken soul and imagination, whether lighting the hill-top idolatry of Assyrian Baal, or kindling the universal fire of Persia,¹ or glooming in the mighty temples of Egypt or India, or playing and flashing in the more beautiful muse and splendid art of the Greeks,—this, in its imbecile, human, and even impure character, stood in Corinth, opposed to the piercing earnestness, spiritual purity, deep joyfulness, ineffable love, and divine stamp and image of the religion of Jesus Christ. The epistle of the inspired tent-maker to this little church at Corinth, which I read near by those three granite columns of the only standing temple, whose very name is lost, exhaled a deeper fulness of the divine life than ever before. The spirit-breathed exhortations to unity, humility, love, dis-

¹ Herodotus. Clio. B. I. Layard's researches also lead us to suppose that the Persians pantheized more generally and largely than all the other mythologists.

trust in mere human wisdom, the spiritual mind, to bringing *every thought* to the obedience of Christ, to striving after an incorruptible crown—the sublime announcements of the resurrection of the dead, the inconceivable triumph, the moral perfection, the holy and bright eternity,—what “foolishness to the Greek,” who trembled before the cloudy voice of Delphi, in which darkness rather than light was *chosen*, who gloried in strife, clashing philosophies, human wisdom for its own sake, the delights of the senses served by the skilful enslaved reason, earthly honors and oaken crowns, and in fierce contempt of other men; who suffered his own poets to create his theology,¹ and who held the present life to be the real, the life to come the unreal. We speak of and admire the religion of the ancient Greeks, as we would discourse of and admire a beautiful work of art; we philosophize upon the origin of the myths, and draw them forth from that deep fount of human religions, the naturalistic tendency in the mind in all ages, or the blind, groping desire to find God in the outer world having lost him in the inner soul, reason, heart, modified among the Greeks only by the more delicate, as well as more fervid conceptive personifying power of this intellectual race; nor do we scruple to admire, nor do we fear to yield ourselves wholly to the power of the Hellenic genius; nor do we hesitate to mount the rapid chariot of old Homer, not asking whether those great forms who led

“The Trojan dance of war,”

¹ Herodotus. Clio.

lit up by his touch of fire, were real or no ; nor do we shrink from entering the irrevocable iron portals of the sounding, desolate, and grand moral fane of Æschylus, for the Greek myth is dead, and it has no inherent power over the soul, although the poet may call it back, and the theophilanthropist may revive its graceful flower-rites, and its beautiful idea may be set in exquisite light and shade by the genius of Goethe, or coldly idolized again by Hume, or eloquently re-deified by the modern votary of nature without God and as God, or as if God were not "above nature, before nature, and the author of nature." Though the Grecian myth is dead, its fount still lives in the human mind, and sends up its puny waters even under the golden sun of a Christian revelation of the true and spiritual God. Sad is it that the very pure loveliness of God's natural works manifesting Him, should tempt to His obscuration ; should minister to that philosophy which, without spiritual awe, beholds in nature, and in man as merely natural, the whole God ; which thus converses with the Infinite without humility ; which sees a heart-cleansing faith in a landscape or a wheat-field. This philosophy turns aside the true currents of nature, and stagnates them on the earth ; whereas, they should run on to a deeper and spiritual faith, and make even that faith sweeter, for when the mind once becomes pure and holy, nature unfolds to it mysteries, as when a lake grows perfectly still, the most delicate and lofty heavens shine in it. Nature has been truly called "God's art," and all the expressions of divine ideas are worthy our reverent loving study, and

that study will always refresh and purify our spirits. Nature draws to better and simpler tastes, and he has something wrong in him, who cannot enjoy and be inspired by her. It is only, as has been hinted, when our evil desires are laid to rest, and our fevered hearts pulse tranquilly, and when we are at real peace with God, that nature yields to us her most exquisite delights, and then a simple solitary walk in the sunshine, or under the blessing palms of stately trees with the still air around like the courts above, is quite enough to make a good man heavenly-minded. To sit in the summer woods on an old decayed tree-trunk and muse, is pleasure enough to him who loves God, and all the works that He has made. The yellow butterflies that tremble around him in their brief life-ecstasies, are types of his own mortality. The bees drive impetuously into the thistle-flowers, gold-hunters spending their thewy strength for burdensome riches. Clinging to the old trunk are the cast-off shells and larvæ of bright insects, perhaps even now glancing in the sun,—death and a higher life! Along comes the stately measuring-worm with his regular advances, like the wise man who looks before he takes a step; and the fiery wasp that at last drives him away, is the little care which stings and troubles more than the great affliction, slowly crushing. Thus nature draws our cares from us with her gentle wiles, and pours peace into our minds like a cooling wave, and throws around Religion a sister arm, helping her faint feet along the road; but had not the trembling hope of a deeper peace and a holier joy dawned upon our soul,

nature itself were vain and superficial to give us this high hope and pure joy. Jonathan Edwards, rude as he was in his Connecticut forests in the finer studies of nature and art, found himself melted to tears by the sight of a little pure white flower growing on the banks of the river. But the stainless heavens themselves, are not enough to brighten and cleanse the wicked heart; and the great mountains which touch the cope of the sky like thoughts of heavenly might, and the valleys sunk between like humble, sweet, and contrite feelings, will not create those holy resolves, nor lead to that real repentance. The bars of flaming ruby and gold, which close the portals of evening, though they may have shut in the soul to wonder and dreams, never yet barred out beautiful temptation to the unrenewed mind, nor shut it up to the wonderful simplicity of Faith. Nature cannot satisfy Faith. Nature may reveal her utmost depths, but still the great cry of Bileam the Shuhite goes up from the abyss of man's spirit—

“How then can man be justified with God?
Behold even to the moon and it shineth not;
Yea, the stars are not pure in his sight.
How much less man.”

The susceptibility to beauty and grandeur, God-implanted though it be, is yet essentially different from the religious susceptibility, the conscience, the will, the spirit, “the inner man” of the Holy Spirit's renovation. Spirit is different from nature, even as God is essentially and infinitely distinct from the finite nature which he has made. He inspires this nature, but he is not mingled in

it. The natural in the Scriptures is no less philosophically than clearly distinguished from the spiritual. Religion needs a deeper foundation and a higher impulse than nature, God-radiant, pure, powerful, refining though it be. Would the Christian religion with its surpassing appeal to the susceptibility of beauty and grandeur in the mind, ever be admired like the naturalistic Grecian myth as a thing of mere beauty, or of idealized nature or art, should the wisdom of man see fit to pass it over and reject it? I even conjecture that it would be cursed sooner than eulogized, that notwithstanding its heavenly sublimity and divine grace, it would be carefully unmolested, scrupulously unmentioned, its Faith sealed with the royal seal, and its Book drowned

“Deeper than did ever plummet sound,”

lest the very whisper of its name should start it again into life, and its strong embrace fall a second time upon the conscience, and drag it like a criminal into the daylight of reason and before the judgment-seat of God. Nature will grow deeper in the loving reverence and profound study of man as the true manifestation of God, and science will become more religious and vitalized with faith; but why continually re-enact the old Greek tragedy of the idolatry of the natural. It can never probably be more beautifully dramatized than by the Greek mind, for the moral difference recognized, the gulf between the human and the divine seen, it is marvellous how the genius of this far the greatest people of antiquity—the Romans by

no means excepted—sublimed and vitalized their idea of religion. The State erected itself into strength through the mutual amphyctionic councils of religion. The sacred pan-hellenic games bound all Greece together in a golden moral bond, where healthy deeds were stimulated and the muscle was swelled to its perfect proportion until Phidias had his model, where reverence to law was encouraged, as no law-breaker could stand in the arena, and where the strife of mind, keener and nobler than that of the stadium, bore up an entire people on beating, struggling wings, and great ideals of thought and action passed before the eye of the whole nation. The poet, nature's priest, making religion the aliment of his thought, the hidden fire of his enthusiasm, insensibly clothed the created forms of nature with a kind of æsthetic divinity, so that they rose from the law of mental weakness, and seemed and moved like gods, hardly knowing that Parnassus and Olympus made the gods whom they throned. The artist agonizing to draw out from the mystery of nature her sacred powers, penetrated thus into her most concealed laws, and really grasped the ideal, the pure original idea in the form,—so that the Greek artist has never been equalled, so that the modern sculptor, Canova himself, vainly strives even to imitate—so that although modern artists measure the proportions of Greek temples, and construct exact models and formulas from them, they never rise to that exquisite adaptation of nature, place, and idea, that made one Greek edifice to differ from every other—so that in the most marred and diminutive structure, even that little choragic monument of

Lysicrates, which lifts its beauteous head out of the coarse and heavy ruins of the Franciscan Convent at Athens, beams with an unquenched light and harmony of the Greek conception, and this is seen consummated in the Parthenon that speaks to the mind even more than the eye, proving that its builder *felt* its idea, and appealed to the subjective in the beholder, ever the sublimest appeal. Viewing it a few days after my visit to Corinth, I was wonderfully impressed with its power of exciting the emotion of grandeur, while comparatively so small in size. It is a purely ideal grandeur. Really nothing as it is, compared with the vastness of Egyptian and Roman structures, it is yet like an eternal edifice, with every part entirely sustained, even as its intellectual parallel, the Oration on the Crown, both of them the pure expression of strong, condensed and finished mind ; and sadly broken as it is, prophetic of speedy ruin, with the great gap in the centre of it, and the pediment swaying down between the aged columns with grievous cracks, it yet appears perfect, for the beholder builds it again with its own kindling inspiration.

That well-known antique bust of Demosthenes, in its Greek countenance, and its unconscious idealization of nature, the intense, even painful thought of the brow, mingled with the serene, almost childlike expression of the eyes and the rest of the features, finely expresses the mingled simplicity and power of the Greek genius. And where is there in all art, before or since, the *instinctive* nature, the vitalizing idea, the hazardous conception,

that lives in the pain of the Laocoon ! The reach and strain of that old man, from the hand that grasps and bends the serpent in the air, to the opposite foot which in its convulsive agony grasps the ground, brings in play every great action of the human frame. The dreadful fangs fasten on the body, just where a bite lets out the soul. The forehead of Laocoon, ribbed with anguish, the speechless mouth speaking a thousand groans, are of a father perishing with his children, of a patriot expiring with his falling country, overwhelmed by that very sovereignty of mind which lifted him to the lonely throne of the celestial anger. He who has seen that sublime old man, may almost bear all agony himself. Modern art is cold, powerless, dead, compared with these bold and mighty flings of ideal life and action into the marble. How repose, instead of *action*, can be insisted upon as the great characteristic of Greek art, I know not. Even in the repose of the stillest attitude, there is ever the action of a living nature, sentiment, idea. And why should Pagan art thus have produced in the Apollo of Delphi, copied in the Apollo of the Vatican,¹ the *Ideal man* ? This can only be solved by supposing that the soul, though darkened by false religion, has never been without some conception of its ideal or perfect self, some haunting memory of its divine origin and image, some desire and struggle to embody this idea, and it fell upon the sculptor of the Apollo to unite this conception with the most perfect skill sub-

¹ Canova's opinion.

limed by a religious emotion. And in Art, the religious ideal of the Hellenic genius, combining and heightening the natural, reached its most clustering successful fruit and form, but not its greatest strife and agony. The Greek Philosophy is still the great type of the painfully inworking Ideal Philosophy. Plato is still its master, whatever may be its new forms of discovering the fundamental laws of being and of all things in that interior consciousness of the mind itself, in which all objects created or uncreated are viewed. The Greeks are the originals, the real teachers of the deep-musing philosophers of Germany; who have opened imperial chambers in the palace of mind, the chambers of the Ideal, but who have accompanied their magnificent discoveries in some eminent instances with a vanity and deifying of man, destructive of humility and religion, and with a vague pantheism, or a "contemplation of God merely as Nature and Thought," and not as conscious Spirit and personal Being, more profoundly culpable than the Greek pantheism, because committed against the light. It is related of Socrates, that the breath of the great oracle of Delphi had gone forth declaring him to be, in the face of the world, the wisest of men. Though staggered at this announcement, he could not dispute the god, for he was a devout man; but he immediately commenced to test the oracle. Every man whom he met, who had the reputation of wisdom of any kind, he drew from him by wary and searching questions, the amount and limit of his wisdom, thus soon satisfying himself of the shallowness of human wisdom. In this manner the scrutinizing

'elenchus' grew up into the Socratic system ; and would not Socrates, the most nobly and disinterestedly practical of all speculatists, who directly or indirectly would work out for his fellow-men the problem of human happiness, who questioned in order to approach the real, who confuted in order to gain the juster conclusion, who sifted and separated only to press toward the surer result, and who actually came nearest of all unenlightened mind, before or since, to the truth of Divine Revelation, that "the wisdom of men is foolishness with God," and that therefore even in the most bitter self-knowledge there is the only humble beginning of wisdom,—would not this Socrates, the wisest of the Greeks who were the wisest of the heathen, the greater teacher of great Plato, the father of philosophy, "plank from the wreck of paradise," crown of the natural, who died saying, that he hoped the good would happily exist again, but he *knew not*,—would not at least this wise man, who was groping in the night before the dawn, have hailed with joy unspeakable the rising of the sun, Him, who "was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," in whom "life and immortality were brought to light," who revealed God, the Father, and would not Socrates have run in breathless haste, and cast himself like a weary child at the feet of the Lord Jesus Christ ! Those in the past who would have believed on Christ had they known Him, and those who would believe did they know Him, are they not and will they not, through Him, come to His blessed presence and society above.

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Athens.

ATHENS.

IN order to win a faint idea of Athens, let us place ourselves for a few moments upon the broken pediment of the Parthenon, and throw a rapid glance abroad and around us. We are seated upon an upcurled isolated crag toward the southern extremity of a great plain, the plain of Athens, and the largest of Attica.

We are upon the rock of the Acropolis, the central point of the interest historic, intellectual, moral, of Athens; upon whose uplifted circumscribed oval stood the original cities of Cecrops and Theseus; which formed the nucleus and citadel of all the succeeding cities; and when Athens reached its highest splendor in the days of Cimon and Pericles, it became the platform of the most ethereal temples of religion which the human mind ever conceived.

Whatever lies at the base of the Acropolis is of less incontrovertible interest, yet we are not compelled to grope around upon a monotonous plain, as at Nineveh and Babylon, in order to search for the site of a vanished city, but here rests the singular and enduring rock called

"Cecropia," called "Aster" the Eye, called "Athenæ," identified by the swelling testimony of ages, and deserving the enthusiasm of an ancient Greek, when he says, "The situation of the Acropolis and the loveliness of its surrounding atmosphere are admirable; for while the atmosphere of all Attica has this character, that especially which hangs over the citadel, is the fairest and most pure, so that you might recognize that spot at a distance by the crown of light that encircles it." The large plain of Athens beneath us runs up narrowing even to the base of Mount Parnes on the north, and is shut in by the nearer Mount Pentelicus on the north-east, whose chain almost locks in with that of Mount Hymettus, and forms the eastern wall of the plain, which on the south and south-west continues unobstructedly to the blue Ægean and the Gulf of Salamis. In so mountain-locked a land as Greece, this noble plain seems as if created for the Greek mind to breathe more freely, to expand, and to flow forth in those Attic works that time has not made old. Barren now, the streaks of silvery olive groves over it, lineal descendants of Pallas' groves, somewhat relieve its brown-tinted desolation.

But let us sweep around us a more limited circle. On the north, nearer the suburbs of the city, are the thick luxuriant gardens that still mantle the site of the old gardens of the Academy, in the shallow vale of the Cephissus, through which ran the commencement of the Sacred Way; over against these gardens to the north-east is the conical crag of Mount Lycabettus challenging the Acro-

polis ; almost immediately at the base of this rock, stands the modern enormous white marble cube of King Otho's palace, barbarian though Pentelican, and a little to the south of this, on the smooth, clean plain, rise the sixteen pure columns of the temple of Olympian Zeus, trembling with their tall fruity tops over the dry bed of the shrunken Ilissus. In a recent tempest, one of these imperial columns, in spite of its Roman will that had held it up slenderly alone through storm and time, was cast down. These white pillars have for their background the shadowy and not very distant mountain of Hymettus, cooling the fevered plain with its dark bulk. Following around to the south-west and west, the same imaginary line which we have pursued, but bending more closely in to the Acropolis, we have the low rocky swells of ground among which lie the sites of the Museum, the Pnyx, undoubtedly the Bema of Demosthenes, where he laid bare with his pitiless sarcasm the heart of Philip, and summoned the ancestral shades of Athenian valor to close around and sustain his sinking country, the still almost perfect little temple of Theseus, and upon the precise area of the present city, the site of the whole ancient city,

“*Χθονα Παλλαδος,*”

stretching rather to the north and north-east with its double walls, temples, altars, agoras, theatres, gardens, straight stately streets, triumphal arches, choragic monuments and innumerable statues, all diademed by the august and unwasted dream of Phidias, lifted high above on

the rock in the transparent, delicate, glowing sky of Greece, a vision of perfect and glorious beauty such as blind Milton saw in his mind, and the Apostle Paul actually beheld !

We have not yet noticed in our eye-sweep one little rock or hill just beneath us, close in at the northern base of the Acropolis, now rough and bare and hardly weed-grown, which must once have stood in the very core of these splendors—the rock of the Areopagus. But let us first descend from the Arcropolis and walk to the site of the ancient agora or market-place of Athens, a short distance to the north-east of the hill of the Areopagus. This is also the modern market-place and general assembly of Athens, and here now, as of old, the stock brokers of intelligence gather, to gratify that spirit of speculation which was once the too-finely spun spirit of what was truly great, free, and superior in the Athenian character. Here sat the philosophers and discussed the last phase of the metaphysical kaleidescope of the academy. Here that barefooted, rough-clad questioner sat, and plucked the feathers from many a vain bird strutting in the broad sunshine of his own goodness and wisdom, now calling forth hearty shouts of laughter from the common people, and now paling the fieriest youth with his hints of things deeper than the schools, and his sudden, broadcast seeds of immortality. Here the Answerer who had seen “face to face,” and to whom had been “revealed the things which were hidden from the foundation of the world,” sat, and “disputed in the market-place daily with them that met him.” Now on his second missionary tour from Antioch,

having swept through Asia Minor like a fire, crossed into Europe, preached the Gospel in Macedonia, been shaken out from prison at Philippi by an earthquake of God, and driven by persecution for preaching "the word of God" from Thessalonica and from Berea, Paul had come to Athens. A higher power had surely led him thither, for it would seem as if he himself had come to Athens merely to wait for his companions Silas and Timotheus, in order to pursue again their journey together. But while there, as his lone Christian walks carried him from place to place, from marble temple to temple, from flower-garlanded altar to altar, from shady grove to grove gleaming with statues of "gods many," and he noticed the processions, altar fires, crownings and clothings of the images, and burnings of incense to statues so matchless in beauty that a Christian world now almost worships them, his spirit was stirred within him, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry (the fulness of idols). The imprisonments, pursuits, escapes of death, which he had just struggled through, could not repress that fire in his soul. He must preach Jesus Christ also in Athens.

His first most natural channel was among the Jews. From them he passed to the seats of the philosophers, teachers and talkers in the painted stoa of the market-place, and "daily" as a philosopher solemnly in earnest, he proclaimed and discussed a divine and spiritual religion, brought and wrought through the Lord Jesus Christ. The more contemplative and rational stoics listened as to some new foreign religious development; the

more superficial epicureans, abhorrent of any thing earnest, called him a picker up of religious notions; but the result was that he was invited to withdraw from the republican tumult of the agora, in order to explain himself more fully in the quiet of the neighboring hill of the Areopagus. This very circumstance is sufficient, it seems to me, to prove that Paul's words had made some impression even upon the brilliant, loose Athenian heart. Something has touched the quick nerve of conscience under the fat coils of easy pleasure, and the hard folds of irresponsible pantheism. Philosophy was now for a moment to sit at the feet of Christianity, where at last charmed she shall always sit, a sublime handmaid and helper, her face more and more beautiful, as the beautiful face of one new born through grace. Slowly with the interested crowd, Paul ascends the slope and the sixteen high steps cut in the rock of Mars' Hill, to the small area on its top, where was the stone seat of the council of the Areopagus. That three-sided stone seat still remains and some of the steps. This was the spot, if there was any in Athens, consecrated to serious things, to solemn recollections, to trials of life and death, and to the grave deliberations of the supreme court of Athens.

Here in former sterner days the judges heard causes and pronounced sentence by night, lest they should be partial through their eyes, and the gigantic crimes of murder, blasphemy and impiety were arraigned before them. But Paul stood there as a preacher of the Gospel. We do not call Paul's address on Mars' Hill an oration,

as it is sometimes termed, built upon the rules of art, and in imitation or rivalry of Grecian eloquence; but it was the wise and sublime preaching of an apostle of Jesus Christ, adapting his speech to the place and assembly, and introducing his grand theme with an inspired reason and the craft of love. It was such preaching as every minister of Christ may study to emulate, to feel the pulse of his audience with a calm hand, and to present "the truth as it is in Jesus" in a manner fitted to gain the keenest entrance in its heart. Now, when at length he found his position a commanding one, when Athens had fixed her bright, questioning eye full upon him, he gives himself to a sustained flow of majestic and solemn speech, that these rocks and that Pnyx hard by had never heard before, and of which the brief outline in the book of Acts conveys a living idea. He seizes the magnificent advantages of the position to which the philosophers and people had unconsciously led him. They gave him the argument and he uses it. They led him to the heart of their splendid idolatry, and then beneath the very shadow of the Parthenon, with a flash of inspiration, he tells them of the eternal "temple not made with hands," and of a God, too spiritual, too awful, too holy to be imaged or conceived by the human mind. In love and wisdom he freely acknowledges the original religious impulse that being perverted had led them to this very idolatry, and had peopled this white marbled crag above him, and this great city beneath him, having more statues than inhabitants, with gods of "gold and stone."

By this graceful yielding of all that was good in his hearers to them, he led them on with him to a true view of the divine nature, in the pure reflex light of which their own idolatry would appear sinful, deformed, abhorred. He takes advantage of their acknowledged ignorance of the Divine nature in the midst of their proud intellectuality, and turning the recorded, indisputable confession of ignorance engraved upon one of their own altars gently but clearly upon them, he proceeds to tell them of that "unknown" Godhead. He could tell them they were as sinful and ignorant children before him. In the simple contact here of Paul with the disciples of Plato and the elder and greater philosophers, in the eye of the world's highest illumination and most burnished spiritual culture, we see the immeasurable superiority of a mind taught by the divine religion of Jesus Christ. In its spiritual point of view that mind rose above the minds of the philosophers who heard him, as far as his eternal temple above that temple of Pallas. The simple contrast here is an unanswerable argument for the revealed character of the Christian religion. How was Paul with all his powers, though the greatest man of his times, so unsearchably superior to the minds that had taught in Athens, and had reasoned upon the Divine and human natures now for centuries?

The explanation is only to be found, with reverence, in a greater than Paul, who united the human with the divine mind, and thus poured the light of God upon the feeble darkness of the grandest human mind. And of

Him, now Paul begins to speak, and of that system of Faith in Him and peculiar to Him, of whose mysteries natural religion, or the simple reason, never caught the faintest gleam. The great peculiar doctrines of the Gospel will be found touched upon in this matchless preaching of Christ, by the Apostle of the Gentiles on Mars' Hill, as if this were his own most splendid pulpit of the Gentiles. But this preaching of Christ, "to the Greeks foolishness," was not long to be borne. Partly in scorn, and partly in respect, the audience interrupt the preaching of life and salvation. They descend from low Mars' Hill, which had been to them higher than the Acropolis, higher than Olympus, in its heavenly momentary light, splendor, grace, and favor, some to mock, some to reason, and some few to believe.

One cannot help following in thought the life of that undoubtedly cultured Dionysius the Areopagite, after he had abandoned all for the cross of Christ. His future personality in Athens haunts the imagination. What trials of his new love did he not encounter? What questioning shades of antique wisdom did he not meet at every corner, in the city of Plato and Aristotle? Did he in old age sink sweetly to sleep in Jesus, or did he quickly rush to meet the Greek sword, or Roman axe? What kind of a man was he? Was he daring or shrinking? Was he a Christian Nicias or Themistocles? Did he bring any other of the wise Athenians into the knowledge of the Son of God? Did all the beauty of the old religion of the

sea, woods and mountains, of Homer, Euripides, and Phidias, never sometimes shake him? Did he keep his robes white and undefiled from the stains of false philosophies, nor ever move away from the simple hope of the Gospel?

The Religion of Islam.

THE RELIGION OF ISLAM.

THERE is a sense of the nearness of God on the desert, more than on the ocean, which can only be experienced in perfect stillness, which is yet the silence of nature. With the soundless foot of the camel, one seems to be ever coming nearer and nearer, step by step, into the presence and unto the throne of the Infinite One. At night when the moon, wonderfully enlarged in size and light, looms up without another object to break its vast shield from behind the low sand hills, and the far-stretching billows of the sandy ocean are glistening as Peruvian silver, to go away from the tents, and to be alone, is to come very nigh God's awful majesty. The impenetrable bright depths of the desert firmament look down on you, the solitary speck on the lifeless sand, and He who "covereth himself with light as with a garment" must be also regarding his creature there. Easily could Moses thus go away from the tents of Israel, and be alone with the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. Nothing then broke upon his thoughts of "the high and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity." The sand-hills sweeping around him in semicircu-

lar ridges, or piling up into pyramids, or ploughing down into long cavernous valleys where the shadows accumulate and blacken, were at best but monotonous objects, and the eternal sky above lifted the gaze of the soul to profound contemplations of God. The desert is the birthplace of religious meditation and enthusiasm, whether false or true. The Pentateuch has the desert strongly in it, and it is *tracked* with the forty years wandering in the desert, not only in the solemn monotony of its imagery, and the depth of its conceptions of God, but in its wilderness fire, and in the intensity of its religious enthusiasm. Even let a few sentences from the last sublime words of the lawgiver of Israel be remembered :

“And this is the blessing wherewith Moses the man of God blessed the children of Israel before his death.”

And he said :

The Lord came from Sinai,
And rose up from Seir unto them ;
He shined forth from mount Paran,
And he came with ten thousands of saints ;
From his right hand went a fiery law for them.

And of Joseph he said :

Blessed of the Lord be his land,
—And for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun,
And for the precious things brought forth by the moon,
And for the chief things of the ancient mountains,
And of the precious things of the lasting hills.

And of Zebulon he said :

Rejoice, Zebulon, in thy going out ;
And Issachar, in thy tents.

And of Gad he said :

Blessed is he that enlargeth Gad:
He dwelleth as a lion.

And of Asher he said :

There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun,
Who rideth upon the heaven in thy help,
And in his excellency on the sky.
The eternal God is thy refuge,
And underneath are the everlasting arms.

Thus also in the character of Abraham and of Job, is exhibited a faith not in *essence*, but in feature, rather of an oriental, or more strictly Arabian than universal type, which, nourished in awe, quietude, and contemplation, is usually passive, but when it acts, acts with terrible energy. More than once it has been observed that oriental religious thought, nursed in the still burning desert and unguided by divine inspiration, has issued forth in the most fierce and destroying fanaticism. The bosom of the silent desert was the birthplace of tremendous Islamism.¹

The young camel-driver of the desert, Mohammed, of a priestly stock and claiming descent from Abraham himself, was without doubt of a highly religiously emotive, or at least imaginative temperament.² We do not suppose,

¹ Islamism is an older name than Mohammedanism. "Islam" signifies primarily entire devotion to another's will, especially that of God, and thereby the attainment of peace. Its relation to the Hebrew word "saalem" is evident. It stands in a secondary sense for all the tenets, doctrinal and practical, of the Mohammedan religion. From it are derived the terms "moslem" and "mussulman."

² The Koreish tribe from which Mohammed sprung, had a mixture of a Jewish blood direct, it is said, from Ishmael.

at the present day, that original, strong disgust at the idolatry of his nation and desire to introduce a better faith, is denied to Mohammed. His countrymen were partly of the elder Arabian or Sabaeen, and partly of the Magian idolatries, with, however, dim recollections still haunting them of an ancient Abrahamic patriarchal faith, pervading, indeed, all the false religions of the East, even those of India and China, thereby proving a streaming forth of primitive mind East and West, from about the region of Mesopotamia, or perhaps a point still further to the East, and nearer the heart of Asia.¹ To restore this ancient Arabian Abrahamic faith in one God, was always Mohammed's profession. He seems early to have been drawn to such contemplations, as in his camel-drivings over the desert, and visits as a factor to Syrian and Egyptian towns, he eagerly sought out the traditions of older times, and sacred localities, and informed himself at least of the outside views and practices of Judaism and Christianity, receiving, there is good reason to believe, much attention and many hints from Christians, and especially from a monk named Sergius, whom he met in Syria, and who afterwards resided in Mecca.² Indeed, Arabia

¹ Abraham stood with divining arrows in his hand as a stone idol in the ante-Mohammedan Caaba of Mecca. Bib. Sac. Vol. IX. No. 34. p. 257.

² Carlyle says: "I know not what to make of that 'Sergius, the Nestorian monk;' probably enough of it is greatly exaggerated, this of the Nestorian monk." There is no need of making much of "Sergius;" this was already the seventh century of the Christian religion.

at that time contained as resident citizens, large numbers of Christians, chiefly schismatics, as well as multitudes of Jews. The Nestorian instructors of Mohammed, particularly opposed to Greek and Latin superstitions and virtual idolatry, strengthened his bias to a simple Abrahamic belief in one spiritual God.

The mind of Mohammed revolved this thought until he was forty years old, when he proclaimed it as an inspiration from heaven. We should not be entirely unwilling to suppose that Mohammed, up to this time, was laboring under a mental enthusiasm, arising from the conception of so great an idea, which amounted perhaps to a belief in a species of inspiration. But the bold impiety which thus early, as a ground-creed, ever linked with the sublime and pure truth of "one God," the corollary that "Mohammed was the prophet of God," militates against this view. And when opportunity came to Mohammed, developing according to an oriental proverb, the love of power which is latent like a closed flower-bud in every man's breast, the zeal of a spiritual reformer gave way. He hesitated not to grasp the sword when fortuitously extended to him. And this is somewhat a key to his character, which was an impulsive one, following rather than compelling circumstances; now strongly guided to higher objects, and now, when the temptation came, seizing it for selfish ends. When tempted to sensuality, his luxuriousness was a hard struggle with his sanctity, and it required all his prophetic casuistry to cover the breaches made in his sacred character. So his Bedouin predatory disposition, impossible to be

resisted, called for hot-spiced sanctions from heaven, bringing in the timely god to help him out of his dilemmas.

We regard Mohammed, about whom there have been so many opinions, as a man of extraordinary genius, decidedly the most so of his rather mediocre age ; a genius, humanly speaking, equal to the vast effects which have sprung from its energetic character. He who leads out his nation from gross idolatry to the knowledge of one spiritual God, deserves the praise of it ; and here he was great, showing lofty intelligence, and a sublime religious appreciation. Had he not proved false to that God whom he taught to idolaters ; nor made a great truth which his penetration had fastened upon, the instrument of unhallowed ends ; had he not deliberately assumed the awful crown of a prophet with its involved consequences ; had he not shown that he possessed no true conception of the moral and spiritual character of God, all his conduct, life and name would have been perfumed with the odor of goodness and greatness. His nature from the hand of God was probably generous and large, and his mind acute, imaginative and suggestive ; his gentleness, love of children, eloquence, and personal dignity, are dwelt upon with ecstacy by his Arabian biographers ; light, they say, beamed from his forehead, fragrance wafted from his body, his form cast no shadow, and a grateful cloud overhung his desert steps.¹ Politically, he manifested sagacity and force, laboring for national union, and stamping, with the powerful tread of his sandal, the thousand discordant

¹ Merrick's shee'ah traditions of the Hyát-Ul- uloob.

tribes of Arabia into one. But the dark sides of his nature are equally strong, and his own book, the Koran, is a standing witness against him, and would be in itself fatal to his sacred pretensions. One of the chapters is expressly to reveal the indulgence of heaven to its favorite prophet, for an act of incest, according to Arabian law. That there were great and elemental strifes in his soul between good and bad, we doubt not; for with extreme cunning he was still a fanatic, or perhaps better, an enthusiast; a lustful, blood-stained man, a genuine Arab, he was nevertheless one of lofty native power, and of the precise type of oriental greatness; an unscrupulous zealot, he was yet no imbecile, and must have possessed some splendid traits of character to have excited the love and veneration with which he has been regarded by millions for twelve centuries.¹ To one visiting the East, the vast influence of Mohammed, throwing its colossal shadow upon eternity, cannot but be felt; and a desire will be inevitably excited in any philosophic or religious mind, to inquire into the sources of this power; and while doing this, there is no fear of disturbing truth, unless, indeed, truth be wantonly disregarded.²

¹ Ryan.

² The modern French writers, in speaking of Mohammedanism, seem to lay aside Christian discrimination and conscience. Indeed, to read a sentence like the following, we lose every boundary of truth, and embark on a sea of all irreverence and unbelief: "*La mission de Mahomet, revelation feconde qui illumine la Mecque au contact de Jerusalem et du Sinai.*"—*M. Barrault.*

Carlyle's conception of Mohammed, as far as we may judge, appears to have done in the main, some rough justice to his personal

Doubtless the chief reason of the rapid primitive success of Mohammed's faith, was the sword, sanctioned by all the authority of heaven—the sword carving rapidly an empire which arched from India to Spain, which swayed the mind, and almost the destinies of three Continents, and which an eminent German writer has even laid down as one of the three world-strides in the advance of knowledge. But no moral cause of the success of Islamism purely as a religion, was perhaps more operative, than the opportunity of a corrupt Christianity. About the end of the sixth and beginning of the seventh century, A. D., the gate of Zion was fairly flung open for the wild boar of the forest, or the lion of the desert, to enter. The great split of the Eastern and Western churches had occurred (the house was already divided against itself), and at the West the form of the Man of Sin had begun to take fearful distinctness in the temple of God. In the East, especially in Syria, Arabia and Persia, the old Manichaean flame still glowed, the tremendous Arian controversy was not yet stilled; the Nestorians offered a determined front to the

character, and to have thrown a truer glance into the genuine Arab, than writers generally have done. But Carlyle has, in his down-handed strokes, wounded truth severely in continuing to call a mingling of human sagacity, religious emotiveness, truth, falsehood, cunning and passion, by the sacred name of prophet, a prophet being alone one who is inspired by the Holy Ghost. "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

It would seem sufficient to Mr. Carlyle, for one to have a brave insight into the "great Deep of Nature," or, in a word, to be a man of pre-eminent, swaying genius, to be a prophet.

main church ; the Monsophytes, or since called Jacobites, were in bitter schismatic opposition, and still continue so ; in Syria and Mesopotamia, even Tritheism flourished, and according to Origen, in Egypt and Arabia the joining of the Virgin to the Godhead had adherents. Ever since the Council at Nice, there had been continual religious contention, reaching its acme at this period ; imperial and political disputes were fused with ecclesiastical ; "Christianity was taken from the spirit and made sense ; there was no progressive inward union to the kingdom of God by faith, but outward mediation by signs and forms."¹ At the same time learning breathed but feebly in the cell and cloister, the Latin tongue had ceased from Italy, and philosophy was banished from the world, Aristotle being alone retained as a kind of dialectic master in controversy. Mohammed, at this crisis, ostensibly proclaimed a faith incapable of heresies,² indivisible into sects, the simple faith of Noah, and Abraham, and primitive man, though in fact a pure Deism, which, even if philosophically true, is not, as a modern author has pregnantly remarked, and never was, true religion. Christian schismatics, especially the Nestorians, actively oppressed by the Greek and Catholic churches, were willing to advance far in union, even with an enemy, against a common foe ;³ and the simplicity of Mohammed's faith without doubt contrasted favorably with the miserable and incredible superstitions of

¹ Neander. Hist. of the Christian Religion, Vol. III. ² Spinoza.

³ The opening chapters of Evagrius's Ecclesiastical History give a most vivid impression of the deadly bitterness of religious strife in this age.

the Christian church, and this also had its influence. But we have met with no reason to believe, as many have supposed, that Mohammed himself, whatever his followers did *afterwards*, knew aught truly of the doctrine of the Trinity, or had a further view than the assailing of Pagan polytheisms, and the sagacious turning to his own account of the debased, superstitious, tumultuary aspect with which Christianity presented itself at that time, especially in the eyes of the Eastern world; yet we have no difficulty in believing, with a species of Islamic predestination itself, that Mohammed was raised up at this time especially, and for the reasons of the peculiar and wounding controversies of the age, to be a rod to the corrupt and abandoned church of God.

No cause, however, of the permanence of Islamism, and its wide and thorough conquest of the oriental world, even to the present moment, do we regard so important as the fact of its singular affiliation to the oriental character. This will require a rapid glance at one of the prominent characteristics of the East, which will in itself explain much more. Though it is universally known and believed that philosophy, religion, in fine all things intellectual and spiritual, have had their birth in the East, yet they have not had their final developments there; though the germs of all things were, and are still, in the East, yet they have not there come to their maturity. The philosopher Cousin has hinted at this, in the idea, that in the very oriental mind, there seems to be a singular infancy of human nature; and in childhood there is unity, or little feeling of

the need of spiritual progress, development and culture ; the elements of things are satisfying, there being a predominance of nature over culture, of imagination over reason, and of sense over science. The orientals have been, and are still, as children, undisciplined, fanciful, seeking sensual contentment rather than hard and heavenly virtue, loving the marvellous even more than the true, delighting in story more than argument ; if not too far effeminated by luxury, rejoicing also in war as do children ; with minds suggestive of all things divine and true, without the will to follow the suggestion ; with extreme religious susceptibilities, but in spiritual things rising to the highest possible elevation, in mere visual speculation, or contemplative tranquillity, rather than in profound, vigorous, philosophical, or more than that, practical and life-regenerative faith. To such a nature Islamism was offered, and it was received like native food and kindred air. Its one simple religious element was enough to satisfy the spiritual susceptibility and feed the religious feeling, thought and meditation, while it seemed to touch every other point of oriental character, and also of its peculiar depravity. It flattered the untamed pride and temper of exclusiveness, confirmed the love of war and conquest, strengthened the immemorial negative morality of the East, and gave latitude to its luxurious spirit. A union of devotion and indulgence, religious profession and easy life, profound form and inner tranquillity, precisely suited the oriental mind ; the cup was mixed so rarely with heaven and earth, that they could not refuse it. We see

sometimes this style of mind and character in Christian lands, where the sublimities of spiritual speculation are joined with earthly tempers and lusts, where devotion and life seem to be strangely divorced, and a religious profession or philosophy exists, without having in it a spark of soul-life, or spiritual salvation. Nothing but the power of God, we must believe, exerted through his Word, by his Spirit, will ever remove the oriental mind from the embrace of such a faith.

We could not be just in giving the chief causes of the success and permanence of Islamism, without dwelling upon one other, simply the mixture of true with false. And this leads us to speak of Islamism more particularly as a religion, under which its true as well as false features, will briefly be noticed. Strictly as a faith, it may be regarded historically, doctrinally and practically. Its source and moulding shape, whatever influences may have flowed in upon it afterwards, was unquestionably Mohammed himself. His own spirit, life, acts and sayings, and especially the book which he left, the Koran, form the head-spring of this mighty fanaticism. In these the prime dogma, the essential faith, was given: "There is one God, and Mohammed is his prophet." Mohammed's own personal existence furnishes the tangible, visible nucleus of religious affection, and the perpetual living religious model. Of the Koran, it can be said in a word, that it might have been written in the design of God, to show the abysmal chasm between a genuine and a spurious inspiration. It has been called "a counterfeit of the Pentateuch and a

plagiary of the Gospels," though much of its author is still discernible in its subtlety of thought, sagacious obscurity, and sometimes poetry. Written in the ancient Cufic, it settled the Arabic language as entirely, as did Luther's Bible the German language. Beyond the Christian idea of Scriptural inspiration or reverence, a superstitious regard or worship is attached to the letter of the Koran, as the embodiment of Divinity, or God really existing in the word. From the Koran, a theology and polity have been gradually drawn by commentary and practical application, which form Islamism as it now stands, and in many respects such as its founder never dreamed of. The polemic opposition which Islamism met from Christian writers of the Greek and Latin churches, would in itself compose a curious ecclesiastical history. The Greeks were especially severe, and as their swords failed, their pens grew sharp. A body of Greek apologies, hurled against Islam before 1200 A. D., bore the title of "*Βασιλεια*," or the name of the emperor Joannis Cantacuzeni. In a later age, among other writers, the reformers Savanarola and Luther were conspicuous; the last in his rough German-Latin dealing most sturdy blows, although one shrewdly suspects he is ever chastising the Pope over Mohammed's back.¹ Augustine, and generally speaking,

¹ Hard names abound in these Greek and Latin treatises. Thus a running commentary upon the Koran proceeds for many pages, almost simply thus:

"Idiota!—

Homo diabolicus!—

the Roman church, in these assaults, treated Islamism as a Christian heresy, classing it particularly with the Noetian and Sabellian heresies. At the Council of Vienna, the Koran was forbidden to be read or opened by Latin Christians. It may be sufficient to remark here historically, that Islamism of the present day has lost its fanaticism, and therefore its chief religious energy; rather existing as a social and political principle, and grounding itself really more in oriental nature than belief. Doctrinally considered, it has but one essential dogma, the unity of God; to this, however, the false is immediately joined, of the prophetic nature of Mohammed. Thus this conjunction of the false with the true runs through the whole system, engrafting upon a few of the truths of Christianity the death and corruption of superstition, like a living body tied to a corpse. If Mohammedans believe in a judgment, it is Mohammed who is to be judge of quick and dead; and the terms of judgment are changed

Primogenitus Satanae!—

Stulta, vana, et impia!"—etc.

One of Luther's characteristic sentences speaks of the especial doctrines of the Gospel as "*robustissima arma. Haec sunt tonitrua, quae destruunt non modo Mahometum, etiam portas inferi. Mahometus enim negat Christum esse filium Dei. Negat ipsum mortuum pro nostris peccatis. Negat ipsum resurrexisse ad vitam nostram. Negat fide in illum remitti peccatos et nos justificari. Negat ipsum judicem venturum super vivos et mortuos, licet resurrectionem mortuorum et diem judicii credat. Negat spiritum sanctum. Negat ejus dona.*" It has been said that the contentions of Christian and Mohammedan writers on the doctrines of freewill and predestination led the way to Pelagianism and to the Pelagian controversy.

from the solemn standard of God's Word and Spirit, to children's play-terms. If heaven and hell are truths of belief, they are so wholly unsphered that "the powers of the world to come" have little more of spiritual energy than the apprehension of an earthly gaol, or the prospect of a kiosk amid the rushing streams and apricot-gardens of Damascus. As to the sensual character of the Mohammedan paradise, which some are disposed to deny, the truth as far as we may judge, is, that Mohammed himself intended the material view, that his immediate followers sincerely received it thus, and that while spiritualizing commentators have here and there sprung up and still form a class, the great body of Moslems, or the orthodox, have ever held and still most firmly hold the literal interpretation of the Koran, confirming this by their lives, for as the heaven of a faith is, so will the earthly lives of its believers be. If, likewise, there is even a deep belief in the decrees of God, it is so generally deficient even in the Hebrew element of Divine complacency with good and separation from evil, that God is made the author and tempter of evil, and thus, of course, the moral sense receives a stunning blow as if from the hand of God himself. Not only is Islamic predestination a dark necessity, discovering nought of the intelligence of God and of adaptation to a Divine and infinite design, but it effectually prostrates the pillar of man's freedom, which even the inexorable Greek "*εἰμαρμένη*" was saved from by the instinctive pride of human dignity, and it discerns no gleam of a Christian faith in the harmonious determinations of

God with the moral nature of man ; so that while God reigns supreme, his moral creatures are as free as if he did not reign at all, thus throwing them on the unspeakable gift and glory of self-activity.¹ Even in the Moslem's belief in God, it is, without the Gospel manifestation of God, almost entirely a distant and awful abstraction, having its only human power in this principle of predestination, or Asiatic resignation. There is no coming down of God to man in love, and no rising upward of man to God in faith. The infinite need of an incarnate, redeeming God, touching, meeting, regenerating sinful humanity by his descended Word and Spirit shed abroad, leaves the system a cold Deism, a philosophical creed, but not a religion. There is, therefore, no spiritual and Divine life in the Mohammedan, although he believes in a God, and in future accountability.² This is strikingly shown in the practical workings of the system.

¹ Moslem fatalism opposed to human consciousness, will yet become indirectly a moral lever to help upheave this system. Even quarantine was a great progress.

² The Pythagorean, Gnostic and speculative elements of oriental mind and history, have entered also into Mohammedan theology, and we have in its bulky interpretations, glosses, systems and catechisms, the results of meditation upon many of the deeps of metaphysical and religious thought, as the being of God, freewill, election, virtue, faith, etc., and it becomes interesting to follow the human mind even in such contrasted circumstances on these incessant problems of nature. The following are two or three extracts, taken here and there, from the "Catechism of Omer Nessefy."

"ART. 2. The attributes of God do not constitute his essence; the word is in God's eternal essence.

"ART. 19. Faith consists in the admission and profession of all which has been announced from God.

As a system of good works and purely formal, even the Catholic faith in its strictest days has hardly surpassed it in scrupulosity ; but then it lodges in the stiff branches

“ART. 20. The acts of believers are susceptible of more or less ; belief ought to be absolute.

“ART. 21. Belief does not differ from resignation.

“ART. 22. Believers and unbelievers are able to lose and recover faith ; but the faith of the elect is not shaken by this, because the future is unchangeable in the Divine essence.”—*L’empire Ottoman*, Chauvin Baillard.

Faith in God ; from the Mohammedan Catechism :

“Faith in God consists in knowing truly with the heart and confessing openly with the mouth, that the most high God exists ; that He is true, permanent and very essence ; that He is eternal in relation to the past, having never begun, and eternal also in relation to the future, since He is without the necessity of an end ; that there appertaineth to Him neither place, time, figure, nor any outward form whatever—no motion, change, transposition, separation, division, fraction or fatigue ; that He is without equal and without parallel ; that He is perfectly pure, one, everlasting, and living ; that He is omniscient, omnipotent and sovereign ; that He hears, sees, speaks, acts, creates, sustains ; that He produces intelligently ; that He causes to live, and causes to die ; that He gives beginning to all, and makes all to return to their original state, whenever he pleases ; that he judges, decrees, directs, commands, prohibits ; that He conducts in the right way and leads into error ; and that to Him belong retribution, reward, punishment, favor and victory. It is necessary further to believe, that all these eternal attributes are embraced in his essential Being, and subsist in Him from everlasting to everlasting, without division or variation, yet so that it can neither be said that these attributes are Himself, nor that they are essentially different from Himself, since each of them is conjoined with another, as, for example, life with knowledge, and knowledge with power. Such are the great and inestimable perfections of the most high God, under which He is known and adored by the faithful. Whoever dares to deny them or to call them into question, whether in whole or in part, truly he is an infidel. O God ! preserve Thou us from infidelity !”—*Southgate’s Travels in Persia, etc.*

of prescriptive formula and objective duty, without influence to produce that inwrought holiness, or even pure morality, which faith in Christ necessitates from its very nature. The four great prescriptive duties of Islamism are prayer, fasting, alms, and pilgrimage to Mecca; and by these rounds of works the Mohammedan climbs to his paradise. The Mohammedan prayer is something more than picturesque; it is impressive to behold the Mohammedan at his devotions, his simple, manly, unabashed prostration before God, in the field or the town, whenever the Muezzin calls from his minaret, or whenever the sun comes forth, touches the meridian, and sinks beneath the horizon, without regard to place, occupation or company. But what are his prayers? Are they a spiritual communion with God? are they confessions of sin? are they the breathings of penitence? are they the pleadings for pardon? are they purifyings of the heart, or even expressions of holy, devotional desire? This can hardly be claimed. The brief Mohammedan creed, repeated and repeated, with a few variations in general ascriptions of praise, constitute the prayer itself, while physical prostrations and attitudes make up the rest. It is, in fact, chiefly a bodily exercise, and allies itself, with certainly a high degree of outward dignity and propriety, to all physical methods of worship, of which we see an instance among ourselves, in the Shaker communities. The Mohammedan rises from his prayer to the life of sense which he led before; ¹ and

¹ In riding from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea, I was accompanied by a noble looking, middle-aged Arab sheikh, who was a renowned

the same remark will apply to the religious fast of the Ramazan. The Mohammedan generally observes this fast with rigor, even the solitary Bedouin on the desert, according to the exact Burckhardt, confining himself to half a pound of black bread in the twenty-four hours ; but the manner in which all, from the sultan on the throne to the poorest "fellah" at the water-wheel, rush back again to their old vices, at the moment the cannon booms to announce the close of the fast, shows how little of a spiritual or chastening character it has, and how purely it is a matter of Stoic endurance. So the matter of alms, is chiefly a form, regulated by a species of poll-tax ; and the pilgrimage to Mecca, if it ever had a religious character, has long since become a sad business of mingled money-making, vagabondism and immorality ; a "hadji," or pilgrim, being almost synonymous with a worthless fellow. No longer does the magnificence of mighty caravans issuing from the arched gateways of Bagdad and Damascus, lend

"santon" or saint. Five times in the course of the ride, whenever we came to sweet running water, the chief dismounted, washed his face, hands and feet, spread the carpet, which formed his saddle-cloth, upon the ground, stuck his long lance upright at one of its corners, and turning his face towards Mecca, went through his devotions, touching his forehead in the dust in token of humiliation ; yet at the close of the day, the same man attempted to practise upon me a fraud. But this need not give a whole impression of Moslem piety, for in that species of devotion which springs from the emotions and sentiments merely, as we have said, the orientals are eminent, and we believe that under the teachings of a true religion they would not only have the feeling, the sentiment, the ecstasy of devotion, but the calm faith, intelligent principle and reasonable hope.

solemnity and pomp to these pilgrimages, and cover up their inutility, puerile superstition and vices.

The civil morality of Islamism, drawn from the religious, has no higher character. The law of revenge, or the talio, is directly enforced from the Koran. Slavery has also in the Koran express sanction, and by Mohammedan theocratic statute, absolute power is given to the master, and all civil or judicial protection removed from the slave. Polygamy, connected with pliant divorce and slave concubinage, opens the door to sensuality, only limited by the wealth and power of the individual. It is true, that earth and heaven, according to Islamism, are made for man, and woman has at best an uncertain, and always a degraded place, in either. The names of the crimes themselves, under the Mohammedan civil law, exhibit the mournful condition of the public morals, and in the administration of justice the grossest bribery universally prevails. At the present day even some of the old prescriptive Mohammedan virtues are vanishing, and intemperance itself is rushing upon the oriental world, the traveller's boat up the river Nile being lighted by night with the fires of distilleries. The attempted reforms of the father of the present sultan, have only precipitated the grave Ottoman into the more shameless profligacy of the French school of vice, and by the testimony of intelligent travellers, throughout Persia and the more interior Mohammedan countries, the most profound and awful sensuality reigns. Yet strange to say, the Mohammedan makes his boast of the morality of his religion, and shameful as the truth is, in many re-

spects, in general integrity, solidity and dignity of character, he rises superior to the nominal Christian with whom he daily comes in contact. He has recently shown a noble example of the ancient Moslem virtue of hospitality in his treatment of the Hungarian exiles, against whose ancestors his own once so fiercely contended, the candelabras which now light the mosque of St. Sophia having been plundered from Hungarian temples. And the Mohammedan is exceedingly affected by the example of a high morality wherever it appears, giving a hope of a speedier triumph of pure Christianity among the Mohammedans whenever it shall begin to move upon them. Let us, in conclusion, say a few words as to the present condition of Islamism, especially in its relations to Christianity.

We have not pretended in the foregoing rapid sketch of Islamism and the causes of its success and permanence, to impart any new truth, but would only desire to draw more thought to this great field which is sooner or later to be possessed by Christ, comprising an eighth portion of the souls of the world. We have not concealed a certain respect for this religion, which, so mingled with false as to be wholly falsified, is yet so superior to the thousand fetich superstitions that shine not with one ray of spiritual or even philosophic light. It is, in truth, rather a Christian, or at least Judaic heresy, than a simple heathenism, being at the time of its rise, a rude and fierce reaffirmation of the truth respecting God, when idolatry was fast destroying the purity of true religion. Of course the great ob-

stacle to the progress of Christianity among the Mohammedans is the law respecting apostasy. This is the mighty crime of the Mohammedan, and if not retracted after the third time, is punishable with death ; and the homicide of the apostate is counted no crime. But this law will evidently not long resist the progress of Providence, for already Islamism, in a hundred instances, has receded from its own standards, and permitted unheard of innovations. It has become a tolerant system, every religion throughout the sultan's dominion being now protected by law, whereas the successor of the prophet is bound to wage exterminating war against all unbelief, and to offer the sword's edge or the creed "Namaz" to every man, and all the world. The sword itself of the Moslem is broken, and the faith, therefore, has lost its great propagandist, and it consequently no longer grows. The religious zeal of Islam has also become cooled, its own piety has grown dull, rationalistic disputes have arisen, and absolute skepticism has crept extensively over the Mohammedan mind.¹ When thought is aroused, the inconsistencies and falsities of their faith appear glaring, and it is alone the profound principle of predestination, or stirless obedience to the system of things or laws under which they find themselves, which prevents oriental minds from outbreking into open denial or higher truth. Islamism being itself essentially

¹ Even the first child of Islamism, the Bedouin of the desert, is heard to say jestingly, according to Niebuhr: "the religion of Mohammed could not be made for us. We have no water for ablution on the desert ; we have no money for alms ; we already fast the year round ; and God is every where, therefore why go to Mecca?"

a politico-religious system, the polity being drawn from the faith, the civil and religious power are of course indissolubly united; they stand or fall together; for without the Mohammedan state there is no Mohammedan church, the visible "Iman" or representative of the Prophet being the sultan himself, who, like the Pope, constitutes not only the head, but the very principle of the religion. The present hollow vastness, therefore, of the Islamic empire, portends the hollow weakness of Islamism, the religion having no distinctive, separate principle of life. All it has of good belongs to Christianity, and all its evil is inwoven with its secular decaying policy. God seems always to have wrought with a peculiarity of providence in the East; He has wrought at long intervals, and then suddenly. Continual progress, as at the West, does not seem to be the law of oriental existence. The inhabitants of the East are a wonderfully fixed quantity; the customs and opinions which sway the enlightened world do not seem to reach them; the revolutions which like magnetic storms sweep over Europe, reverberate faintly, and die away on their unsympathetic shores; there the people stand, like their own mysterious temples of the past, hardly touched by cycles, themselves the most impressive antiquities; the Samaritans were Samaritans until they were extinct; the Jews are still Jews; the Ishmaelites are still Ishmaelites; a Mohammedan once, an Eastern proverb is, a Mohammedan for ever. Whenever a change occurs in the East, it seems to be by the fiat of Omnipotence. The Exodus of the Hebrews, the

rise of Christianity, the springing up of Islamism, all were sudden and miraculous movements, in which the hand of God was awfully visible. It seems as if a more direct Divine interposition, more regardless of means, wrought in the East; and now that Mohammedanism has answered its predestined end, may not God, by one of those sudden and omnipotent decrees, cause the Mohammedan religion to go down and disappear, as quickly and startlingly as it rose? This may sound visionary, but looking at the peculiar nature of the system, its linked destiny with the secular power, its abstract, indistinctive, unvital character as a faith, and its past relation in the providence of God, we cannot believe that, unassailable as it now appears, it is to be vanquished by Christianity by slow steps, rood after rood, region after region, but that it is destined to fall rapidly under the unseen hand of God. Yet any theory like this, should not blind the eyes, or deter the effort, in present missionary responsibility toward the Mohammedan. The missionary world should not neglect in its action, and certainly in its prayers, him, who has already so much of common ground with the Christian. If direct action cannot yet be made for his spiritual welfare, much can be done indirectly, as a preparation for the time when the civil obstacles shall cease before the pressing force of political necessity; for religious freedom to the Moslem, is the next step which naturally follows the religious freedom to Christians and other religionists, already secured by the firm intervention of England in Turkey, and lately in Persia.

Seven centuries ago there existed between Christianity

and Islamism an antagonism of temporal power, in which perhaps the preponderance of authority, and certainly the higher tone of outer refinement and elevation, belonged to the latter cause; now, the visible opposition has nearly passed away, and the moral antagonism remains. But this, though it may be as strong as ever, presents a far more favorable position of things in a religious view; for while absolute interdiction still closes the mind of the Mohammedan, he has nevertheless the opportunity of reflection, and therefore for a long time past he has manifested evident signs of intellectual curiosity, of looks directed toward a higher civilization, and even of moral and religious antipathies being softened by closer and quicker contact with Christian faith and intelligence. There are indications, also, of Christian attention being directed toward the Moslem world. The rapidly and ruthlessly encroaching vastness of adjacent European powers, the dangerous condition of the Mohammedan empire, held together chiefly by the pressure of outside forces, its compelled and unwilling admixture with European questions, its awkward attempts to meet the progress of the age in civil and social reform, the frequency of travel in Mohammedan lands, and the unavoidable encounter of Christian missionaries with Moslem mind, have in these latter days brought the Mohammedan prominently before us. His claims, we think, upon our religious sympathies, are great.¹

¹ Even an occasional discourse, such as our missionary, Rev. Mr. Hamblin, not long since preached in Constantinople, on the Orien-

All religious writers on the East agree, that the power of a pure Christian example will be a great means of turning the eyes of the Mohammedan to Christ, and this example will be furnished, it is hoped, in the fast-increasing body of missionaries and their converts in the East. Already the Turks have begun to discriminate between the oriental Christian and the Protestant; and their admiration for the higher purity, elevation, truth and spirituality of the latter, has often exhibited itself unmistakably. But we look to a still mightier agent in the silent leavening and preparation of the Mohammedan mind and heart for a thorough and moral transformation—the *power of the Word of God*. Mohammedans acknowledge the Divine inspiration of the Christian and Jewish Scriptures, and of late, especially in the city of Constantinople, they have begun to read the Gospel, with more than a feeling of curiosity. There is a call for a Turkish translation, especially of the New Testament, and the discovery is beginning to dawn upon many a darkened Moslem mind, that all the good which their own faith boasts, is here found in its pure head-springs; and when the word of Christ finds entrance, his faith follows. Often the heart is reached through the door of the mind, and the oriental possesses a mind of original powers, as history has now and then shown, which, even under the pressure of centuries of fatalistic inaction, has yet preserved a manly living instinct

tal Churches and Mohammedanism, shows that the encountering relation of the latter with Christianity, and their pressure on the missionary responsibility, are beginning to be felt.

for the good and true. A vein of conviction sometimes struggles upward to the light through the mountains of Islamic ignorance and sensualism, from the central gold of Divine thought in the human mind—an aspiration which seeks for something more of God, than the bare knowledge of his existence and power. God manifest in the flesh, the *love of God in Christ to man*, has, it is said, started even the apathetic Turk into strange emotion and reflection. This alone, the Gospel salvation, can arouse the Mohammedan from the profound sleep, the terrible entombment of spiritual life, in which he is buried. This alone can infuse animation through those lethargic kingdoms, those hundred millions of souls stretched in

“the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake”

of strong delusion. The Gospel of Christ can alone even bring the infancy of the East to the full *manhood* of conscience, reason and action. The temporal as well as the eternal salvation of the fast sinking East, can only come through true Christianity awakening the sense of moral responsibility and freewill, and thereby invigorating the oriental mind. That mind, through whose medium the Bible came to men, feeling again the impulse of Divine inspiration pouring through it the tide of life and hope, may throw off its bands, and in the first home of the human race, the garden of the world, the birth-place of our heavenly religion, the freest and largest developments of that religion may yet be seen. The latent devotion of the

Eastern nature, awoke to its perfect and grandest energy by the Spirit of God, may produce, as far as they may be reproduced in uninspired men, Peters and Johns and Pauls, not as types, but as classes. Woman in the East, giving the contradiction to the cruel faith of Islam wherever she has heard the name of Christ and His spiritual life, faith and kingdom, shall hail with joy the coming of a pure religion, appealing to a quick conscience, and a noble self-activity. The free Christian home and altar shall then be erected on the ruins of polygamy and slavery. All classes, united by the common faith and love of Christ, and regulated by Christian equal laws, shall take the place of the personal despotism of individuals and the sunken degradation of the masses, which is the immemorial type of Eastern and Mohammedan society. Above all, the cold, gloomy, vast void between God and man, inducing a still and frozen religion, shall be filled by the Divine love of Christ's religion, the atoning Love of the Son of God, awakening to love, faith, holiness, hope, human fellowship, mental and spiritual activity, freedom, development, progress and life. The East shall feel the touch of Christ and shall arise, and not before. Should we not give to it the Word of Life, even where we may not yet send the preacher?¹

¹ The above was composed and published before the agitations which now rock the East had begun. Even in the light of these last events I hold the same instinctive opinions concerning the faith whose destiny has assumed so singular and wide-spread political importance. I truly believe that the Mohammedan empire must quickly have and accept the Gospel, in order to be preserved either

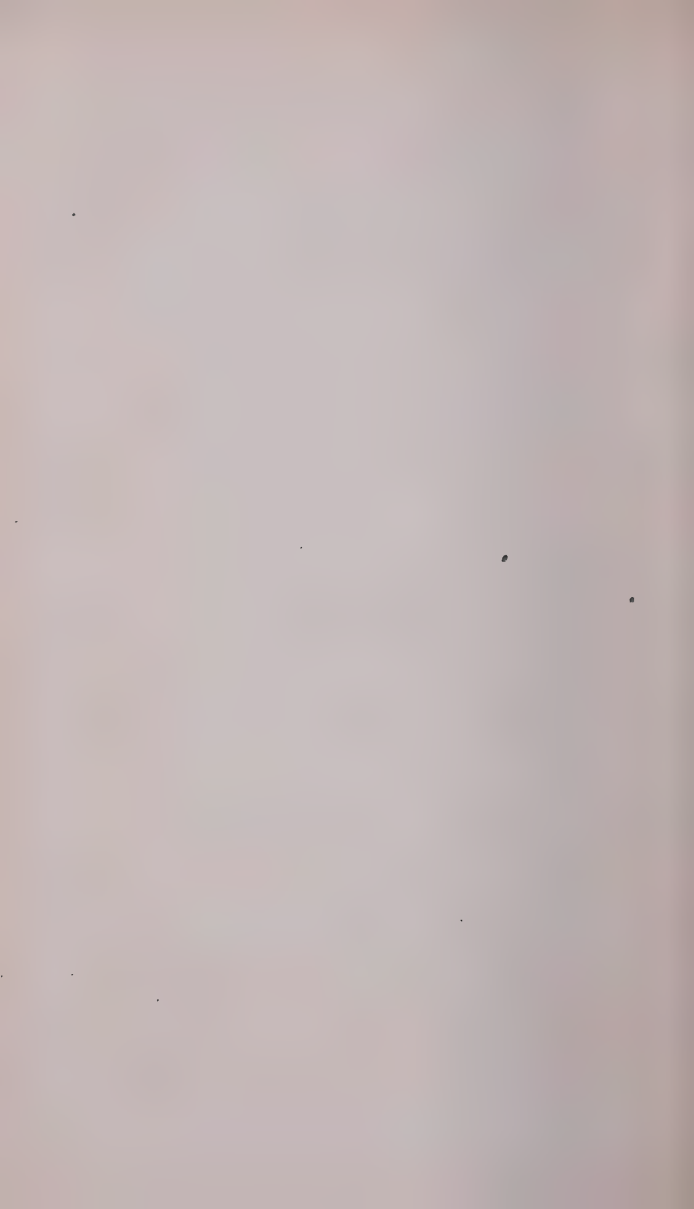
spiritually or politically,—that this is its *only* salvation,—and also that its immobile faith will be more suddenly than gradually brought to an end, but perhaps in a manner not anticipated by any reflective man two years since, or by Russia herself, and yet in a way not overthrowing the theory which has been feebly shadowed forth. With thousands in this land I have been deeply aroused by the reverberation of that war of colossal aggression, claiming actual power in a foreign empire through childish titulars, and which appears to hide profound designs of hostility to freedom itself, beneath the mask of the Christian religion. Christianity came into this world to renew instead of to annihilate, to save and not to destroy. Christianity says, better a nation saved, than a nation destroyed on account of its false faith. The Moslem's soul is dear to God. And the day has passed when religion can justify the motive of human or national destruction. The language concerning Christ is, "He shall not strive nor cry. A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory, and in his name shall the Gentiles trust." The triumph of Christianity through the nations shall be won by moral not material power. The suffering innocence and celestial love of Christ shall conquer this world, his mild heart stealing into it and subduing it unto himself. Shall the ages of persecution be re-acted upon this earth? It seemed as if the distorted moral glare of the Crusades was melting into the gentle meridian light of a true Christianity. The idolater is now recognized as having just rights, and the criminal has not lost, beyond the statute of God and the welfare of society, his human claims.

It were indeed wonderful if God chose the way of annihilating Mohammedanism, by saving the Mohammedan people through generous Christian instrumentality. This would be returning upon that wounding and desolating system, the deep revenge of Christ, which is love. The fifth article of the treaty of Alliance between Turkey and the Christian Powers, which renders to all the religious subjects of the Sublime Porte, equal civil rights, strikes at one of the main roots of Islamism, and must inflict an incurable blow upon a system whose religious life intertwines with its civil, and both have their energy in the intense sentiment of the divinely elected and infinite superiority of the Moslem, whether as nation or individual.

It is a subject of devout gratitude to God that the Christian

Missions in the Mohammedan empire are now preserved in the unexpected and only manner in which they could have been preserved in a war with Russia, that sooner or later was inevitable. God's ways are a great deep. Through this seething chaos beginning to work in the East, and destined to upheave Asia, and to roll back perhaps its billows over Europe, the Spirit of God is moving, and shaping all to some perfect end.

Bethlehem.



BETHLEHEM.

Out from Gaza, the sea-gate of the Holy Land coming from Egypt, I rode to Askelon, dashing over its prostrate pillars, to seek an escape from a thunderstorm sweeping down from Mount Lebanon, that hissed through the black ruined walls and towers of the old Philistine city, as if shrieking the eternal prophecy against Askelon, "Askelon shall not be inhabited!"—And from a sheltered nook under the great cliff which overhangs the Mediterranean, I watched the excited waves, as they ran up to the very foot of the cliff, higher and higher, their roar growing louder and louder, impetuously climbing up nearly to the wall of the precipice, and returning back moaningly, rolling over and crushing the delicate white shells and stones, moving and grinding the sea-sand, and with the increasing fury of the tempest ploughing the long beach as if by a mighty harrow, sweeping up to view the mud, weeds, and trophies of the deep sea, and then dragging them back again into its dark bosom, and I thought of the words of Isaiah, uttered from observation of the same sea, not far from where I was then standing, of the "troubled sea" of

the wicked heart "when it cannot rest," whose "waters cast up mire and dirt,"—its fierce striving after, falling back and never attaining, its impotent, aimless tossing, writhing, flinging upwards, murmuring, and foaming, its rushing after happiness and breaking on the stern rocks, its heaving up its own treasures to deposit them in a place of rest, and having them dragged back again into the depths of perpetual despair, by a downward resistless power. From Gaza I rode through the flowery vale of Sharon, by the tall tower and silent white necropolis of Ramlah, among the deep windings of the stern and gloomy hills of Judea, until through an overpowering impulse, be it called superstition or not, I found myself on my knees, with starting tears, at the sight of Jerusalem.

It was not from the East, nor Jerusalem, that we first approached Bethlehem, but from that extinguished Phlegethon of the Mar Saba, the lower volcanic gorge of the Kidron, where the Cœnobism of the early centuries of the church, amid horrid grotesque rocks and awful shadows, found its sepulchral skeleton religious idea tremendously realized. The first part of our journey from the Greek Convent, was threading slowly the defiles of knife-edged volcanic rocks without a tree or shrub, and now and then from some higher point catching a glimpse of the Dead Sea far below us shining dull like a bedewed mirror, in the sun's rays, and a cloud of thin and half illuminated mist going up continually from its bosom. We at length reached a somewhat opener country, where the hills grew faintly greener, and the valleys broader.

On one of these high table-land plains, we met an old Bedouin Arab and his family, who had come up here to pasture his camels in the dry season. The aged man stood at his tent door. He was such a picture of Abraham, as Michael Angelo would have rapidly painted in ample fresco, somewhat ruder and simpler it is true than the powerful and rich patriarch, but of a grand outline, his sun-darkened face like a bronze of Arezzo, surmounted by a lofty caftan set high back from his swelling forehead, his features regular and noble, his eye clear, soft, and large, his snow white beard sweeping on his breast. He stood erect, clad in flowing and somewhat brightly colored burnous, with one hand resting easily upon his silken girdle, and the other grasping a long staff. He saluted us with dignity, with his sons, slaves, and herds about him. Yet though perchance one of Abraham's own children in the flesh, he was alien in the spirit, and belonged to the lopped branch of Ishmael, and to the frenzied disciples of the False Prophet. But even thus in objects of moral opposition, images of sacred things are easily suggested under such circumstances; for in a land like this, one travels with the religious eyes of a child, and not with the hard eyes of a philosopher. One feels indeed as if he were himself a child moving on in some religious 'Mystery,' or 'Divine Comedy,' or as if a more awful and early world was surrounding and shutting him in, and every rock grows mysterious, and every being wears an aureole around his head. All things are viewed with a more heart-touched and mother-taught piety.

After some hours, across a deep and wide valley, far off, on the very climax of the rising hill region towards the north, Jerusalem appeared before us, and at this distance, with its soaring site, long battlemented walls, massy flanking towers, and tall tapering minarets elancing from heavy domes, it appeared to possess all its attributes of pristine and even of ideal splendor, to be a city, as the painter exclaimed, "built for eternity!"

Another town was soon before us on the west, the little one of Bethlehem, and we were then at one angle of a comparatively diminutive triangle, whose other angles were Bethlehem and Jerusalem. This compressed nature of the scenery of the Holy Land, strikes a traveller in Palestine with his first astonishment. With the involuntary association of the infinite facts connected with these scenes, with the shadows of heavenly things suspended over them, they notwithstanding lie all as in the bowl of the hand, and from some high Quarantania or regal Hermon, almost the whole of that "glorious land"¹ may be seen, over which God "bowed the heavens and came down."

As we approached Bethlehem over an undulating and broken country, I looked curiously at every valley which ran up among the hills, where perhaps at rare intervals a few sheep were feeding; for here, sitting on this bold overhanging entrance rock, the singer of Israel might have touched his early harp to music, springing even then from a deeper inspiration than the inward stir of genius, and its source, to himself a sacred awe. Exposed to the ele-

¹ Daniel 11 : 16.

ments, the luminous vault of the Syrian sky bended above him, with its flaming sun and its wonderful stars, the wild high hills around him, and the quiet flocks at his feet, the young psalmist might here perhaps have struck the first rude chords of that glorious psalm of natural praise :

“Praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord from the heavens :

Praise him in the heights,

Praise ye him, all his angels :

Praise ye him, all his hosts.

Praise ye him, sun and moon :

Praise him, all ye stars of light,

Praise him, ye heaven of heavens,

And ye waters that be above the heavens.

Praise the Lord from the earth,

Ye dragons, and all deeps ;

Fire, and hail ; snow, and vapors ;

Stormy wind fulfilling his word :

Mountains, and all hills ;

Fruitful trees, and all cedars :

Beasts, and all cattle ;

Creeping things, and flying fowl ;

Kings of the earth, and all people ;

Princes, and all judges of the earth :

Both young men, and maidens ;

Old men, and children :

Let them praise the name of the Lord :

For his name alone is excellent ;

His glory is above the earth and heaven.”

The Judæan scenery here, without having any thing in it large or sublime, had nevertheless, looking off from its breezy summits and going down into its deep vales, much that was inspiring, for even in a naked and desolate hill country, there is always something to fix the eye in the

ever new combinations of hill forms, and there is an elastic lifting and swelling of the spirit, as if, one has finely said, the land itself were lifting and flowing around. The mountains of Judæa, unlike the majestic ranges of northern Syria, have no grandeur, and are also naked and unsoftened, showing generally but the yellow volcanic limestone, as if it were still a cursed land, over which the old prophecies yet hung in their power, dryness and gloom. But among these close, furrowed hills, the primitive Hebrew, fighting with hard nature, as well as the brass-sheathed Philistines, and entirely cut off by mountain, desert and sea from other nations, nursed just those qualities of perseverance, solitariness, firmness, even obstinacy of character, which made him, like his own Mount Zion, to stand the faithful conservator of precious truth, among so many loose, dark, billowy, and swiftly vanishing idolatrous Asiatic peoples and ages, until the divine fullness of time. Now the busy genius of the Hebrew no longer moves like a spirit over these hills, guarding the small soil from the sheeted rains, and carefully training the few springs to wind among the ashy valleys. There is no dotting of cattle upon a thousand hills, no shouting of the vine-dressers when in glad fury the red wine press is trodden. The stalwart reapers of Boaz are low, the barley and the wheat harvests are thin, and "the laborers are few." All around Jerusalem, and all Judæa, forming a great contrast with the lovely pastoral plains of Samaria and Galilee, it is a very solemn land, sunny and solemn, and silent like a sunshiny graveyard.

Judæa now is like her own Rachel, sitting in the dust,

with a coarse Bedouin blanket over her head for a sack-cloth, "weeping for her children because they are not."

As one approaches the immediate neighborhood of Bethlehem the thin vegetation brightens and deepens, and in the number of dark-leaved fig trees, silver olives, palms, glossy vineyards, and gardens fenced with the curling speckled monster cactus, David's town yet preserves its ancient fame, of the fruitful. At length Bethlehem itself was directly before us, a wedge-shaped mass of square, white, glistening stone houses, rising step-like one above another, the lower line being terminated by the massive walls and towers of the Greek convent, and the whole compact diminutive town standing upon the rising crest of a hill, or spur of a mountain, on either side of which ran gorge-like valleys east and west. The mountain slopes and ravines on either side of the town were considerably wooded and green, the plough had been lately at work, and the dews of heaven seemed to fall more kindly, and the sun to bend less menacingly upon this blessed spot.

The long deep vale which runs north of the hill of Bethlehem, when I glanced up its narrow bay winding into the higher regions of the Carmelite ridge, was filled with the motley-colored and sweet-scented blossoms of the bean harvest; and in this vale, tradition says, the shepherds were watching their flocks by night, when the "tidings of great joy,"—the "good news" from God, dropt upon their bewildered senses, and that sublime solecism in heaven took place, and the great silent gates of eternity swung open, and the seraphim doxology of glory to God in the reconciliation of the world through Christ, sounded

out, and was borne through the lower heaven, making its stars to burn brighter, and our lone planet, darkly wheeling through space, to thrill with a strange delight. Yea, this may be the very valley; for where truth does not suffer, we crave the spell of old tradition, and love to listen to the waves of holy feeling that for ages have murmured and broke around a sacred spot, leaving still their deep sound on the ear of the soul.

As we crossed this vale of the shepherds to enter the town, we came rather suddenly upon a little brown-skinned dark-eyed boy, shouting after his goats, making the rocks ring—perhaps “the youngest” of some patriarchal Jesse in the town above, “of a ruddy and beautiful countenance.”

Our train at length climbed up the steep ascent, and passed under the arched stone gateway, and we were in Bethlehem, yes, the never-lost little Bethlehem of Micah and Luke; where, the changes of time excepted, upon this rocky hill, amid these olive groves, under this Syrian sun, the Saviour of mankind was born.

Even in the scene of his world entrance, the Son of God showed that poverty, through which he has made us rich. Not in some spot which centered the wealth, mind, and power of earth, not in a towered city on the fat plain of Nile or Euphrates, not in philosophical Athens, nor in imperial Rome, nor in the sacred magnificent Jerusalem, was he born, but in a little rock-girt shepherd town, “little among the thousands of Judah.” Next to his having entered the world in absolute solitude upon the desert, or waste place, which would have been inconsonant with his human mission and life, the lowly hill-locked shepherd

village of his nativity. linked him the most humbly and quietly with the race whose nature he assumed. He came into the world like the mild morning light, wholly unobserved at first, and very faint for a time, but growing stronger and stronger until its serene splendor filled earth and heaven. He came into the world as his converting truth into the soul, perhaps hardly perceived at the beginning, but gradually inundating its deepest capacities, and overtopping its sublimest desires. Yet little Bethlehem, beside its prophetic title to the birth spot of the Messiah, had in itself a certain moral meetness for this event. Its own history had been pathetically marked in the piety, suffering, and true grandeur of humanity. The patriarch who was powerful with God had laid down here in grief his first and best beloved. Here Ruth, firm rock beneath sweet blossoms, herself a meek daughter in the line of Jesus, had planted all upon a pious love, and while picking up the scanty gleanings of self-elected poverty in mild content, was permitted to gather the sudden, bursting, golden fruits of overrunning harvests. Here above all, the shepherd psalmist, chief ancestor, and crowned prophet of Christ, was born, who conqueringly founded the visible type of that spiritual victorious kingdom of Faith, which the Son of David established on an eternal basis; and if naught else in all time had been produced in Bethlehem, but the first, lowest, most trembling tones of the Psalms, those voices of the vital elements of piety, those songs of the human heart in its real cries, conflicts, and faith, it would have been the fittest spot in all the world for the spiritual shepherd of Israel, and saviour of

the lost sheep, first to have seen the light of earth. And Bethlehem is near Jerusalem, even as the birth was nigh the death, bringing close together the Alpha and the Omega of that life, on which all lives hang.

The view from the flat stone roof of the Greek convent out into the soft, purpling, deepening Syrian evening, takes in the shadowy olive groves and wooded slopes immediately about the town, the violet colored hills between Bethlehem and the Dead Sea, the singular square mount of Bethaccerrom, and the dimly seen and straightly ruled outline of the higher mountains of Moab, beyond the sea and river, upon whose ordained heights rested the weary feet of the great leader of the exodus. While left entirely alone by the taciturn yet courtly brethren of the convent on the broad high battlement of the convent, to look forth over this dim landscape, standing on the very central mount from which the fountain of divine Christianity with all its unrevealed healings had streamed down over the whole world, the solemnity of the scene insensibly deepened. The eternal world seemed to slowly descend and couch upon these dusky forms of hills, over which the suffering feet of Him who brought Life and Immortality had moved. Again might the chorus of the angels of God have swept softly through the night air, nor have hardly stirred within me a miraculous surprise, for where Christ was born, do not the angels of God still hover? And the angels who began the song of Peace that shall swell on through infinitude, were they the down-rushing thrones of heaven,

“The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,”

the wheeling, flaming legions of the will of God, or a choir of children spirits whose angels always behold the face of the Father, drawn down from thence to the earth-born child, whose only strength is their perfect love, their closeness to the heart of God? Did not an innocence like that of infant Jesus, sing the Advent of Love, though all powers, spirits, intelligences, essences, unfallen and redeemed, shall join in the eternal diapason of triumphing Love? But lo! in the clear profound of heaven, the bright evening star trembles over Bethlehem! and behold! the trooping of dim forms up yonder steep slope; they are the shepherds who "come with haste to see where the young child lay;" and see now again the shadowy caravan of the wise men of the East pass more slowly up the hill, and gazing above, for their majestic heavenly guide over desert, mountain, and vale, has stopped, and rains down light upon the lowliest roof in the humble village of Bethlehem! Full of awe, and of pale anticipation, they dismount from their camels. They approach the lowly stable with mighty emotion. Their tall forms darken the mean entrance. An old man is before them leaning on his staff, contemplating in silence a mother and her child. Nearer and still nearer they irresistibly approach the child, and smitten with the sharp recognition of a nature wrapped in cloud, "fell down and worshipped him."

And may we not likewise approach that serene scene in the stable of Bethlehem, for it is but a feeble infant peacefully slumbering there. It is the *lamb* of God still hovered over by the angels, watched by mortal affection, guarded by heavenly love, and not yet bound, on the

dread altar of sacrifice. Even if we be great sinners let us not be afraid, for it is only a new-born babe, helpless as human infancy is, lying in a manger.

Yea the babe is human, though divine. Not from heights of earth to depths of earth, but from heights of heaven to depths of earth, was the humiliation of Jesus Christ. And the servant form, the poverty, the suffering, touched the very lowest point of humanity, in order to lift up the most wretched to the glory of God. The humiliation of the son of God was no half stooping of divine love to man, but reached down to the humblest, and wretchedest. The poorest slave may come to the babe of Bethlehem, who was born to poverty and to the cross. The manger is only less affecting than the cross: it is no less stupendous.

It was the very needful commencement of the Atonement. Bethlehem must come before Calvary, so that upon these two, the gate of salvation swings open to the human race. Without the glorious key of the Incarnation, the life and death of Jesus Christ are closed, incomprehensible, unvital, unregenerative to us, nor may the profoundest mind unlock them.

But the divine key of the Incarnation instantly unlocks them, and floods them with "marvellous light,"—light that is glorious but mild, celestial light, light beaming from the loving face and smile of our God.

"He took not on him the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham."

"The word was made flesh, and dwelt among us."

"Great is the mystery of godliness. *God was manifest in the flesh.*"

Nazareth.

NAZARETH.

ON account of the heavy latter rains which before our very eyes made a great plain into a great lake, we were obliged to climb over a weary mountain, and traverse the craggy track of a wild swollen mountain brook, that seemed almost to give a startled cry in its song as we strange people wandered up its ravine, in order to reach the regular path to Nazareth. We issued forth upon the path at an ancient well, not far from the town. Here were congregated many Syrian women from the village, who had come down to draw water, some sitting by the well, some standing with the large red earthen water jar upon the head. The grace of all oriental things, from the palm tree to the prince, is also shared by the women, whose attitudes, even in their toil, are ever reposeful and easy. The fine air and sky were reflected in their gentle dark eyes and their subdued mirthfulness.

The meek mother of Jesus often came to this well, and slowly trode the pleasant descending path home with the brimming pitcher upon her head, and leading, it may be, her little son. Passing down a low mountain side, and

crossing through an olive grove, with a sloping cultivated field on one side, we suddenly turned the point of the hill, and the vale and village of Nazareth were before us. In the new-sown field upon our right hand, a flock of crows had alighted and were greedily devouring the tender seed just beginning to sprout. The same scene and spot gave to our Lord doubtless the illustration of the sower,—the field he passed with his mother, morn and eve. We wound around the hill and crossing over a portion of the miniature plain, entered the small Nazareth, crowded together, as it seemed, at the very furthest extremity of the vale, and culminating almost on the top of the high hill that closed up the narrow end of the valley. Just before the village, some Bedouin Arabs had pitched their long, black tents, and the tethered impatient war-horse and the upright spear, were the first sights that greeted our eyes in the peaceful home of Jesus.

Within the heavy walls of the Franciscan convent we were kindly received by the monks, who conducted us almost immediately to the church built over the reputed hearth-stone of Joseph and Mary, but the new-sown field and the crows, or nature testifying, altogether destroyed the church with its golden hanging cressets, and nineteenth century altar. After the simple meal, I immediately ascended the mountain at the back of the town, and was rewarded with an afternoon landscape, glorified by the declining sun, setting amid scenes of eternal solemnity, and not tinging one little hill-top, that had not been already touched by the finger of God. Towards the far west shone the

Mediterranean. To the south-west ran the great black wall-like ridge of Carmel, sweeping up from Judea and leaping boldly and suddenly into the sea, where on the high precipitous edge, the ancient prophets looked abroad over the sublime ocean, and down upon the proud cities of the coast. On the hither side of Carmel, stretched the noble plain of Esdraelon, not extending quite to the sea where Carmel terminates, but broken up by a transverse chain of low hills, running diagonally across its northern side, and separated from Carmel by a narrow pass to the sea. This plain echoes along the ages of the Bible with the deep roll of chariots, and was the plain of decision, the place of camp and battle, from the time when Zebulon and Naphthali rushed to "the high places of the field," and "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera." Following the line of mountains around, which encompass this plain, upon the south and south-east rise the compact mass of Gilboa, where Saul and his strength went down. and nearly to the east swells the almost symmetrical round mountain of Tabor, which before I left the scene, grew dark, condensed, and black, like a great semispheric altar, as if hewn by art. On this mount, tradition has chosen to assign the scenes of the transfiguration, that real opening of the glorified nature and Divine being of Christ, for the confirmation of Faith, and for the renewed majestic testimony and voice of heaven; and once Jesus on earth shone with celestial ascension splendor, and once sufficed.

Beyond Tabor in the south-east lies the desert mountainous region beyond the Jordan. Toward the north-

east is the city of Cana of Galilee, and directly north-east is the high peak of Saphet that "city set on a hill." Immediately at my feet on the eastward hand, nestled the quiet vale of Nazareth, a small plain of table-land, running north-east and south-west, shut in entirely by low mountains, and having no emptying into the lower plain.

Here our Lord lived till ripe manhood, till he was ready to do his Father's work. The wonderfully secluded vale of Nazareth in connection with this glorious scenery amid which it is itself entirely hidden away, make it well fitted for the great event for which it was selected. "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," growing up in humility "like a tender plant and a root out of a dry ground," Jesus was not to dwell and to come to intellectual and spiritual maturity, except in such a still, even obscure spot, a little chapel of nature among the hills, where even sinful man is more devout and nearer to God than in the plain and city, and nature assists in the development of the powers of the soul. Is it wanting in reverence, or in the true and perfect appreciation of his nature, to say of Jesus of Nazareth, that in his youth

"His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills?"

Did not Christ often climb this very hill where I sat, and look upon this wide panorama, this map of the Divine word, and sometimes did not his face turn thoughtfully toward the south and toward the Holy City, and toward the place where it should be said, "it is finished."

In Nazareth where I remained some days, partly to recover a poor follower of my company who had been set upon by thieves in the neighborhood of Djenin, and stript by them and left half dead, without our knowledge at the time, the occurrence having happened as we were hurrying on in the night. During this time, I witnessed an oriental marriage, and was invited to the feast, and tried with others to freely rejoice as a friend of the bridegroom. The day before leaving, I took a walk alone down the whole length of the vale, unto where it looks off by a mighty and sheer precipice of some five hundred feet upon the lower plain of Esdraelon. I met no human being, nor signs of man. Fresh, yea wild nature was here. All natural things were as they *must* have been in the eye of Him who was "called a Nazarene." On the peak of a high cliff to my right, as I sat looking off the precipice, an eagle was seated, stirring his wings at times and hoarsely screaming. The flowers around bloomed and withered, as once they bloomed and withered. No sacred scene is so free from the touch of change, so fresh, so undisturbed, or so balmy to the religious imagination as Nazareth. I convinced myself that the mount of precipitation, as it is traditionally termed, was the very precipice upon whose edge I was standing, for I saw no other precipice like it in and around the village, and doubtless the ancient town was situated further down the valley, very near this, its eastern termination. I thought particularly of the wonderful fact that the Nazarenes did not "honor" or even recognize him, who had his chief abode among them, and

that where he lived thirty years there he was despised, rejected, and even pursued for destruction. I thought especially on that scene when our Lord, having returned to Galilee from his first marvellous and power-accompanying visit to Jerusalem (his fame and his miracles travelling back with him to his own obscure home among the mountains), "came to Nazareth where he had been brought up: and as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and stood up for to read." Doubtless all the town was gathered together in that synagogue, to hear him, about whom men had begun to speak far and wide, and who had purified the temple of Jerusalem by one majestic act, and who had arrested the strong and certain arm of death, and who had spoken words of power and of light, unknown to the prophets. There they were all gathered together, those with whom he had for his life long lived, and dwalked, and talked, and toiled. Kinsmen, neighbors—the assembly is large, the synagogue is full, there is great curiosity and wonder now to hear Jesus, and what should be his theme, and his address! "And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written,—“The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the

eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him." Is it improbable that our Lord *asked* for the roll of Isaiah which was delivered to him, and why did he ask? It is not irreverent to suppose, because above all other prophets, Isaiah was the prophet of Christ, the *christian* prophet, whose words almost anticipate the gospel history, and tremble with the pathetic foreshadowing of the whole life of the Redeemer. The beautiful passage to which he turned, was also the very limning of the Holy Spirit, of his own divine character, and spiritual work of Redemption. The moment when all those eyes were fastened on him, was one of intensity, for what was he now about to say? Something was anticipated of extraordinary import. "And he began to say unto them, *This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears.*" The application was made. He stood before them as He of whom Isaiah spoke.

What a lifting up to heavenly exaltation and eternal life was that moment to the kinsmen and neighbors and fellow-townsmen of Christ. They might seize the glorious inheritance, and enter in for ever. But they were not worthy of the Gospel proclaimed unto them by Christ himself. "And they said, Is not this Joseph's son?" Even while they wondered at the grace and power of his words, they consumed the precious moment and emotion in their perverse curiosity and human unbelief, while Christ continued his speech, knowing their hearts, and telling them that as the widow of Sarepta, and Naaman the leper, were chosen by God, and others rejected, what was the inference?—that they who would not recognize him, although

he had dwelt among them thirty years, and whom even now they would not know and believe upon to everlasting life, but saw him only as "*Joseph's son*," that they also were thus far rejected. They perceived this, and their real heart was instantly developed beneath the touch of divine penetration. "And all they in the synagogue when they heard these things were filled with wrath, and rose up, and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong."—Yea to the awful verge where I was standing, they led him—they dragged him—the infuriated neighbors, and kinsfolk of Jesus, the old men who had sat with Joseph and Mary and broken bread under their roof, the younger men who had walked with Jesus by the way since boyhood, they who had known him even from a child, and had found no blame in him, among whom he had lived sinless as the new-fallen snow on Hermon—yea they come, the maddened crowd, like the stormy sea tossing up its hoarse waves,—“but he, passing through the midst of them, went his way.”

Capernaum.

CAPERNAUM.

IF ever there will be flashed upon one's mind in Palestine the momentary gleaming image of the "Promised Land," it will be perhaps while wandering around the green borders of the sea of Galilee. There, out from its wild, craggy desolation, the "Lord's land,"¹ revives and smiles. There the rich loamy earth sinks under the horses' hoofs. There rich though small patches of the blossoming harvests scent the air. There the clouds of birds wheel over and dip in the bright wave, and from it the fishes leap sparkling in the sunbeam. Even wherever there is perfect loneliness, there is still the companionship of living nature, the darkly green, sedgy grass, the low thick terebinth groves, the crimson-berried bushes, the aromatic blooming oleander, the wild fig, the little star-shaped blue flowers sprinkled every where, the verdurous sides of the mountains which slope steeply down to the water, reflected with every tint in its calm crystal, and the great snowy Hermon, white and dazzling

¹ Hos. 9: 3.

in the fierce sun rising over all, as when King David struck his golden harp to it. The lake of Gennesareth is the Syrian lake Leman, and Hermon is the Syrian Mont Blanc, only the Alpine lake and mountain have had but human harps untouched by Divine fire to hymn their sweetness and majesty, but God made them all beautiful, and upon them all does his smile lie, and not solely in the mountain of Samaria, and in Jerusalem the Holy Temple, and in Capernaum where Christ dwelt, shall men worship the Father, but the whole world is the "Holy Land." When once the cities of Greek and Roman architecture, with their towers, and white-pillared Corinthian temples, stood *within sight of each other* around the margin of this miniature sea of Gennesareth, only twelve miles long and six broad, and it was the very central circle and seat of the life, joy, and wealth of Palestine, it must have been an unequalled scene of elegant, social, and animated beauty,—even when our Lord who so loved its cheerful, reposeful shores, and walked upon its conscious wave, and calmed its fiery madness by a word, and chose his disciples from those who cast nets in it, went out not far from "his own city" Capernaum to preach, and was so pressed by the easily assembling crowds, thronging from so many populous neighboring cities and points, coming in boats and running around the shore, that he entered Simon Peter's small fisher boat, and pushed a little from the land, making his pulpit on the softly rocking wave, and preached to the multitudes, as if from the sea of Eternity, to the shores of Time! Capernaum and its vicinity formed the

scene of what might be called the more quiet though public preaching and teaching period of our Lord's life, very brief though it was, and apparently only preparative for the great events at its close,—the period when more truly it might be said that he “dwelt among us.” Upon some overlooking hill slope, probably on the northern bank of the Lake, he preached the beatific Sermon on the Mount. In the synagogue of Capernaum he delivered the heavenly discourse recorded in the sixth chapter of John. Near by Capernaum at the calling of Peter and Andrew, of James and John, he preached from the boat, and afterwards taught the Apostles their mission by one of those significant acts, which never to the end of time is to be forgotten; when Simon Peter having toiled the night long and caught nothing, then at the command of Christ, and because of his presence, drew up the struggling, bursting nets, and falling astonished at the feet of the Divine master, received with the other disciples, the great commission, that they should thus typically become the takers of immortal souls, and “fishers of men.” Can we wonder that “when they had brought their ships to land, they *forsook all and followed him?*” And at even time “when the sun was setting,” and throwing its warm quivering tints over the glassy mirror of the sea, and veining with bright light the tops of the opposite eastern mountains, whose bases had already begun to darken, the last rays of the sun played upon the white, anxious, pain-drawn countenances of the sick, the sightless eyeballs of the blind, the convulsed features of those possessed with devils, the

diseased and burdened, whether rich or poor, high or low, brought out from the great city of Capernaum, and all the faces of that faint sick multitude were upturned toward One, mild and majestic, who stood at the humble door of Peter's fisherman's house, and with unwearying patience stretched forth that hand of love and power, and laid it upon "every one of them, and healed them." The devils bowed before him, and saluted the Son of God, as they departed to their own places. What a scene in the history of our human nature! Who would rend it from the page of man, by unbelief! How flowed the sympathies of the all-compassionate One towards those stricken beings, those children of sickness, sin and death, whose dying nature he had himself taken in order to touch it, to raise it, and to perfectly heal and redeem it body and soul; for these healings of the body, were they not also accompanied with blessed and hallowed influences upon the diseased mind, preparing it to receive the salvation of God, and symbolizing the power which Christ also had to immortally cure the sick and dying soul.

I sought out the site of Capernaum at both of the places reputed to it by the learned, the Káhn Minyah of Dr. Robinson, and the Tell-ell-Hum of others. These sites lie at the distance of about an hour and a half riding from each other, on the north-western corner of the Lake. The Khán Minyah is a great black stone building in ruins, standing near the mouth of several rushing streams of clear and beautiful water, which feed a luxuriant plain, supposed by Robinson to be the original Gennesareth,

and the stream itself to be the famous fountain of Capernaum, and the site of the ancient city, to be in the neighborhood of this old caravanserai. The ancient plain of Gennesareth is thus described by Josephus:¹ “The country also that lies over against this lake hath the same name as Gennesareth. Its nature is wonderful, as well as is its beauty. Its soil is so fruitful, that all sorts of trees can grow upon it; and the inhabitants accordingly plant all sorts of trees there. For the temper of the air is so well mixed, that it agrees very well with these several sorts; particularly the walnuts, which require the coldest air, flourish there in vast plenty. There are palm trees also, which grow best in hot air. Fig-trees also, and olives grow near them, which yet require an air that is more temperate. One may call this place the ambition of nature; for it forces those plants that are naturally enemies to one another to agree together. It is a happy contention of the seasons, as if every one of them laid claim to this country. For it not only nourishes different sorts of autumnal fruit, beyond men’s expectation; but preserves them also a great while. It supplies men with the principal fruits, with grapes and figs, continually, during ten months of the year; and the rest of the fruits as they become ripe together through the whole year. For besides the good temperature of the air, it is also watered from a most fertile fountain. The people of the country call it Capharnaum.” This description even now corresponds

¹ Whiston’s Jos. Wars. Book 3d.

with the vale, ascending as it does from the gentle shores of the lake to the highlands, and continuing to roll upwards even to Mount Hermon, and thus harmonizing every character of temperature, its wild natural luxuriance being also heightened by the broad many-veined stream that hurtles like a various host through it. But continuing beyond, along the shores of the lake towards the north-east, becoming more rocky and precipitous as one approaches the entrance point of the Jordan, almost exactly on the northern apex of the shore, there is a remarkable mound or low hill of ruins, evidently of a city of size and magnificence.

This mound is called Tell el-Hüm. These ruins, according to Dr. Robinson, cover an area of half a mile along the shore, and a quarter of a mile inland. They are of an elegant architecture, and some of the structures now poured along the earth and woven over by the luxuriant vegetation, must have stood stately and grand, commanding the whole placid lake, stretched out before them. Many of the capitals of columns as I carefully examined them, were of elaborate flower and vine work, and had all the richness of the Corinthian style, with certain peculiarities of their own. There is but one edifice now standing, a half-demolished tower, of massive square stones, to whose top I pushed my agile Arab horse without much exertion. This tower overlooks the peaceful sea, even to its southernmost extent, which apparently is barred and shut in by a long strait ridge of low mountains. Just in front of the tower, on the water's edge, one tall

raying palm tree leans over some piles of gray ruins. Here must have been once *a great and splendid city*, for upon every worn block of white marble around, is carved the deep rich proof of it. Was not this Capernaum? No city compared with Capernaum in extent and splendor in this region, or indeed out of Jerusalem in all the Holy Land. Although Dr. Robinson would answer that it was not, and his authority stands first in the topography of Palestine, yet arguments then arose, and have since strengthened themselves in my mind that those else unaccountable ruins were the true relics of Capernaum. Many travellers have noticed these elegant and extended ruins, and have given their testimony to the impression made upon them in favor of this site of the Lord's city. But how mighty the evidence that Capernaum has been "brought down to hell," when no man now can say certainly where even she once rose "exalted to heaven." From the old tower I took a last look of the sea of Galilee, which spread itself out beneath me, calmly gleaming like Truth in the full resting eye of God. Even now the dreaming Jews who live on its shores, believe that the Christ when he comes, will first appear here. They will not know that he has been here, and has here left footsteps, that thrill the world with the unspeakable truth that Deity was among us.

The Two Gardens.

THE TWO GARDENS.

ON opposite sides of Jerusalem must have bloomed the two gardens so tearfully inwoven with the close of our Lord's life.—the Garden of Gethsemane, and the Garden of Joseph of Arimathea. Neither of them are to be with sureness located, but the present marked cluster of old olive-trees at the foot of the Mount of Olives, twisted as if by their own ages of pain, must have covered at least a portion of the shadowy refuge, where the Son of Man loved to steal, and where the last conflict of his soul was passed through. The brook Kidron no longer pours its full waves that once mingled with the groans of the Redeemer. The thick grove of olive, orange, terebinth and fig-trees that hid the sorrows of Christ, exists no longer, and the glaring sun looks down and explores the place of grief. But to visit this spot at the closing hours of day, the shadows will be found to be even now profound. The high and near overhanging wall of Jerusalem on one side, and the bulk of Olivet on the other, preserve the gloom so fitted for this place of woe.

Rise again, ye faithful, loving children of nature, ye

broad-armed, drooping, veiling trees, and hide the spot, consecrated for ever to Holy Sorrow and Divine Resignation! The last supper was finished. The last serene words of instruction, consolation and love had been listened to by the disciples, and cemented with strong men's tears in their hearts for ever. They came down from the upper room, into the streets of the city. Night had begun to creep around the houses of Jerusalem, and the step-like, soaring mass of the Temple, was bathed in indistinct gloom. The silent company threaded the streets, past the palace of Pontius Pilate, shining it may be with the lights of a great feast, past the Porches of the Pool of Bethesda, out of the Gate of Flocks, down the steep gorge of Jehoshaphat, over the brook Kidron, and a short way up the Mount of Olives, "into a place which was named Gethsemane where was a garden." Here they stopped in silence and sorrow. They were not sorrowful from remorse, nor from fear, for their deeds had been those of light, not darkness, and they "were armed in the whole armor of God," but they were sorrowful because He who had led their feet hither, had said unto them, "Behold, a little time and ye shall not see me."

The Redeemer's mortal work was soon to be completed, the world had learned the immortal Truth in its permitted height, length, breadth, and it remained to finish the structure by the arch-stone of Death, to bind it together by the blood of a consummated Atonement. It remained for the Lamb of God to be *slain* for sin, to go down into the grave, to rise up from it victor over

the last enemy. On the trembling threshold of these events, knowing that their stupendous footsteps sounding through eternity were even now at hand, Jesus led forth his disciples to the still garden, to keep the last night vigil on earth with him, as if he would draw around him even mortal strength, and love, and comfort, to lean upon in that dark hour. "And he said unto them, Pray that ye enter not into temptation. And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down and prayed, saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me : nevertheless, not my will but thine be done. And there appeared an angel unto him strengthening him. And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly ; and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground. And when he rose up from prayer, and was come to his disciples, he found them sleeping for sorrow, and said unto them, Why sleep ye ? rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." We seek not to draw too near to that scene in the garden, nor to know the woe of our Lord at Gethsemane, nor the agony which so wrung nature, and drew instantly down an angel from the throne of God to alleviate it. The spiritual, we reverently believe, was the Saviour's true suffering, and the burden was not of His own ; and at Gethsemane, the spiritual struggle with the last power of all temptation and human infirmity may have been, and the mightiness of that struggle uttered itself in that God-piercing prayer that the cup might be removed, but the divine heart overcame, and the victory was proclaimed in those mild but celestial words, "not my will, but thine be

done." When those words were breathed, the salvation of the world was sealed. And the cloud and burden seemed thenceforth to have rolled off from the Saviour's heart; calmly he rose to meet his murderers, and so full of God was even his human look, that the Roman soldiers who were about to lay hands on him, men unaccustomed to quail before the face of any living man, "went backward and fell to the ground." Christ was already more than conqueror of humanity, suffering, sin, death and hell. In the Judgment Hall, on the way to Calvary, and on the Cross, the inner spiritual victory won at Gethsemane, had restored the God, and sustained the man. We continue our lonely walk up the gorge of Jehoshaphat past Stephen's Gate, around the solitary, dwellingless north-eastern angle of the city wall, past the Cave of Jeremiah, till we come to the north-western rising hill ground without the city, north even of the Old Bezetha quarter and the ancient third wall, and we then cannot probably be very distant from that scene, hallowed with the overwhelming and eternal event which sealed our Redemption. And near by must have been also the garden of Joseph of Arimathea, where the body of our Lord having been "lifted up" in the sight of all Jerusalem from noon until even, and the usual indignities found unnecessary because "he was dead already," and even then the lance thrust in the heart, was at length laid down "in the new-made tomb wherein never man before was laid" And Mary Magdalen and other women, whom the terrors of the scene of Calvary had driven to a distance,

now gathered near about the sepulchre of Joseph, saw the simple burial in the dim shades of evening, and noted where was the tomb. They then returned to the city to prepare spices, and thus to complete the hasty embalming of Joseph. And as the next day was the Sabbath, "they rested the Sabbath day according to the commandment." What a Sabbath was that to the friends of Christ, when all was over, and the awful stillness of the tomb had come. The enemies of Christ had not forgotten his open words respecting his rising from the dead, even if his friends had done so. They "went and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone and setting a watch." During the still hours of that long Sabbath, the Roman sentinels stood before the sealed door of the sepulchre in the garden. Over against them, or slightly below them, lay the great city, rising from the surrounding hills like the boss of an antique buckler, "a city that is compact together," and the splendid Sabbathic solemnities of the Temple proceeded, and the sentinels caught the sound of the trumpets, and saw the smoke of the morning, noon and evening sacrifices going up into the unstained heaven, as if no sin had been done against its majesty. The evening went softly down the hush of the sky, and the white moon rose pencilling the outlines of all the billowy hills around, touching the tall towers of Antonia and Hippicus, and rimming with silver the long battlemented wall that ran down even to the southern corner of Mount Sion, and still the Romans stood on their watch before the sealed sepulchre. Into the deep hours of that night they kept their watch. But suddenly, at

midnight, "behold there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow. And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men." When they recovered their senses, they ran precipitately into the city. And the women, who on the eve of the day of the crucifixion had marked the place of burial, having prepared their "sweet spices," and waited for the heavy night to pass, "very early in the morning of the first day of the week," when the first faintest break of light announced the day, yea, not long after the headlong flight of the sentinels from their post,—they approached the sepulchre, bearing their spices, and saying among themselves, "who shall roll us the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" "And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre, and they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus." Found it not? There it had been laid down by the sweet love of Joseph of Arimathea; there for two nights and a day, for thirty-six hours it had lain, and the sepulchre had been sealed with a seal and watched by Roman soldiers! *The tomb was empty.* The women hastened "with fear and great joy" to the disciples. The disciples having come in mingled excitement and unbelief, they enter and explore the sepulchre. They found the grave-clothes lying in it, "and the napkin that was about the head not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself." There was no sign either of robbery or precipitation.

Then in the inner gloom of the sepulchre, lighted by the early morning beam, the glorious truth flashed for the first moment on the soul of the Apostle John, and it is said, "he saw, and believed." He remembered those divine words, "I shall rise again." The empty tomb was the simple unanswerable evidence of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. It was also the evidence of the divine inherent power of the slumberer in death, that he rived the chain of corruption when he pleased. It was also the evidence and the blessed and joyful assurance of the Immortality of man. That resplendent truth dates from the coming of those heavy-hearted, spice-bearing, tenderly-loving women very early in the morning to the sepulchre of Jesus and finding it empty. That early morning light was the first light that ever broke into the tomb of man.

Yea, as in Adam all of us descend into the tomb, so in Christ we shall all ascend from it. In that sublime Corinthian chapter wherein death seems astonished, abolished, annihilated, the resurrection of men from the grave is bound mysteriously, and yet in the highest sense philosophically, upon the resurrection of Christ. From Christ, is the thrilling seed-bursting energy of that broad resurrection harvest. And even beyond this truth, our Lord's resurrection from the tomb was the throwing open of the golden portals of heaven's widest grace,—of his own largest spiritual blessing on this world,—and the pouring abroad upon dying men through all ages the recreating, regenerating Spirit, his royal gift of eternal life, and thus is he, as he said, "the resurrection *and* the life." So pro-

foundly, so infinitely, has Christ joined himself to this our race, that we cannot live, nor die, nor rise, nor enter on the second life, without him. And still higher and more awful light shines about this truth. Our own resurrection bears us up only to the height of our own nature. Our Lord's resurrection bore him serenely as on clouds of heaven to the summit of the celestial Majesty, to reveal in heaven as the eternal Word, by spiritual manifestation, even as on earth he revealed in the flesh, the invisible God, —God in Christ forevermore.

The Study of the Bible.

THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.¹

THERE is reason to fear that the Bible is not so truly studied as of old, and thus the rich benefits which the Bible brings are diminished, in the midst of its far greater freedom. Surely a hundred unstudied Bibles are of less value than one studied, even if it be chained to the stone pillar of a convent. We believe that our Fathers truly studied the Bible. The Puritan, both of England and of this country, bound the Bible as the old Hebrew did the law, upon his forehead, his arm, his heart; he made it the great educator of his children; he drew from it his own grave wisdom, mental firmness, and spiritual grandeur; it was to him "the wisdom of God," and therefore it was his "meditation all the day;" he rested his plough to explore it; he pondered it at the camp-fire on the eve of battle; he was not ashamed of it in the hall of legislation, and on the highest seat of magistracy. It may be, possibly, for so it has been said, that his study of the Bible was somewhat warp-

¹ An address delivered before a Bible Society, with some slight changes.

ed, and that the parallelism of the tremendous exodus of ancient Israel through the sea and wilderness, with his own terrible religious tribulations, powerfully affected him, and drew him disproportionately to the study of the Old Testament; so that he did not, enough for his own refreshing, bathe his weary and fighting spirit in the limpid waters of the gospel. It may be also said, that he expressed his study of the Bible in many unpolished ways, and in a Canaanitish dialect; but these things only proved how deep the Bible was in his soul, that it was the source of his strength as of his peculiarities. that it was the profound ocean of his mental and spiritual contemplations, on which these straws swam, and the results of Puritanism in this land show the spiritual springs of its power, justifying the words of Carlyle: "Let all men honor Puritanism, since God has so honored it." And this study of the Bible, in our own country, was when Bibles were very few in the land. For one hundred and sixty years, during the reigns of eight English sovereigns, every Bible that was read in America came across the sea; and Jonathan Edwards drew his History of Redemption from an imported Bible; nor was it until the close of the eighteenth century, that freedom to print Bibles in America was obtained; and thus "the Word of God" was "bound" to our Fathers, even until after our own civil bonds were burst. And in England, though we could hardly now imagine it, in an enlightened epoch of her history, which was then also our own, but just before Shakespere's genius rose and shone so benignly, Englishmen perished in the flames, for avowing

that every one, laity as well as clergy,—that “every plough-boy in England” ought to have the Bible; and if so painful a history would allow it, we could smile at the application made of Scripture itself by the persecutors of these devoted men, viz.: that through their giving of the Bible thus indiscriminately to all classes of men, “the gospel pearl was cast abroad, to be trodden under foot by swine.” It is difficult to believe that so learned, moderate, and in other respects singularly high-minded a man as Sir Thomas More, could, from his Chancellor’s throne, with the wielded, imperious, crushing power of Henry VIII., have sent forth proclamations of fire and sword against the works and persons of those who, like Tyndale and Frith, were laboriously making a true translation of the Bible into good Saxon English, for the common people to read.

Thus perhaps our Fathers loved the Bible more, and would have drawn their swords to have preserved it in all the institutions of the land, because it had come out to them from under the furnace of the writ “*de heretico comburendo*,” and had been delivered into their hands wrapped as it were in napkins stained with martyrs’ blood. It had to them an interest profoundly human, as well as mysteriously divine. This study of the Bible,—which after all is the true honor to be paid to it,—with the best energies, an awed personal conscience, and the interpenetration of the whole being and life, is not perhaps so strongly characteristic of the present as of a former day, although Bibles are now as abundant as “autumnal leaves,” and every child can have one for a child’s daily earnings. Yet

never truly was there so much of Biblical science, so many commentators, so many critical students of the Bible, so many tasked brains bending over the sacred page, as now. This suggests a remark in respect to the true study of the Bible,—that as every age has its error as well as its virtue in its study of the Word of God, as the first age was too philosophical, as the middle age was too speculative,—the error of the present in the study of the Bible may be, that it is not too greatly, but *too exclusively critical*.

This does not at all disparage Biblical criticism and science. As belief itself is primarily a matter of the intellect, even as faith is of the heart, and as the truth purely comprehended can alone make our souls free, so Biblical science is the first of sciences, and has proved its claim to this regard by having left, as the result of its vast labors, the authority of Divine Revelation, humanly speaking, more deeply settled,—the mountains standing firmer around Jerusalem. And Biblical science has rightfully subsidized every other science, for it is itself as comprehensive as the manifestations of God. The science of Philology in especial, awakened to preternatural activity within the last half century, has wonderfully unlocked the Bible. The more skilful study of that noble old language which, amid thunderings and lightnings, the finger of God traced on the tables of stone, the language deemed worthy to sustain the mighty burden of the Law, with its unsoftened granitic strength, carrying us back to the pyramids, the elder hills and plains, the shepherds, the grandeur and emotiveness of a primitive world and nature,—this has brought us

nearer the visible majesty of God in revelation. And all that keen apprehension which has penetrated more profoundly into the characteristics of the Oriental mind, through which the inspiration of God was poured, with its strongly original but rarely fully developed powers, its mixture of the meditative and the emotional, its capability of the sternest sacrifice and the most ecstatic feeling,—all that, indeed, has opened to us Oriental nature so diverse from our own, the Syrian sky with its magnificent unclouded firmament, the sublime oceanic desert, “the tufted palm,” those changeless manners, which are themselves the truest archæology, the sacred sites whose simple rocks and slopes are sometimes the best commentaries, and all those subtle influences of nature or mind which originally impressed themselves, not essentially but formatively, upon Divine truth,—and in this connection that invincible genius of research which has spelled out upon the great stone pages of Karnak, and the rising slabs of Nineveh, corresponding chapters to Holy Writ,—all this has sensibly animated our scriptural confidence. And in the physical sciences, when the great simple truth pronounced by Galileo, that Scripture and physical fact could never be opposed, is being every day elucidated and confirmed by a deeper science, the very rocky ribs of the planet being notched with the first verses of the Bible, and with the chafings of that Spirit-brooded ocean,—and when, for example, a world-grasping Humboldt, making his careful observations from the steppes of Siberia to the valleys of the Andes, arrives, by scientific deduction wholly, at the

scriptural statement of the absolute derivation of the human race from one pair. then we see the value of every human science in the study of the Bible.

The patient learning, too, which has sifted down nearly all the discrepancies that must necessarily exist in a record descended through human transcription and translation, which has brought all these discrepancies into a defined space, so that we can hold them in our hand, and which has arrived at the most interesting conclusions, that these discrepancies are fewer than in contemporaneous classical writings, as in Homer, or Cicero, that the lacunæ, or the breaks in the sense are almost none, and that no "essential truth originally inspired from heaven, has at all suffered from the storms and wear of earth,"—the learning, for instance, which led a Bretschneider, whose herculean strength went boldly to resettling or overturning the gospel of John, to admit that from the conflicts and results of the investigation, the foundations of that all-important portion of Scripture were proved to be deeper bedded in evidence than those perhaps of any other part,—such learning, while it may have made a trembling in many honest hearts, has nevertheless, in its fruits at least, given us cause for rejoicing. The silent, systematic thought also, which has brought out the unity of the theology from the apparent variety of the forms of Scripture, and shown the relations of every truth to the whole truth, this has done infinitely good service. And lastly, the philosophy, which has ever manfully met a philosophy of pretension, and has led minds wisely true to the future interests of the inspir-

ed Word, through sore self-travail, to develope the essential harmonies of philosophy and faith, and which in that Thought-land of Central Europe itself, we cannot but hope, is preparing in its slow white heat of mingled thought and suffering, some of the most polished pillars of the glorious temple of the triumph of the everlasting gospel, then we see the healthful progress of the age in Biblical science; and herein theology itself is a grandly progressive science, the written Word resembling that other word, Nature, which though itself unchangeable, and its great features known to every child, is yet ever unfolding, and having inconceivably more to unfold, to the true student.

But Biblical science alone, the habit of approaching the Bible purely for critical study—this, we believe, to be the injurious thing. The sad phenomenon which our age has sometimes presented, of men spending long lives and unbounded energies upon a venerable book in the dead languages, which garners up into itself the antique world, while they smiled at its authority to bind their consciences, rule their faith, and judge them at last—here we conceive is the deep evil. That sharpened spirit, which, as some one has said, is “continually coursing up and down the Bible,” and never arrives at a restful faith,—that study of the Bible with a predetermined theory, which draws out the Divine Spirit from it, as a chemical process will search and expel the subtlest gas from a liquid substance,—that chilly criticism, which is as the night frost to the tender and spiritual vitality of the Word of Life, so that until lately, in the very land of criticism and learning, when a

man rose up there, with the warm life of Christ in his heart, like Augustus Neander, he seemed to stand amid those philosophers, like that lone antarctic volcano which burns amid regions of snow.—such a study of the Bible, to the individual soul at least, appears to be worse than its neglect; for when we reflect that even in so corrupt a translation as the old Latin Vulgate, all the great truths of life and salvation are preserved; then we may know that this consuming of strength upon “the letter” that “killeth,” will not produce a religious reformation in an individual or a nation, and did not produce the reformations of Luther, Zuingli, and Wickliffe.

The Bible, should it not be approached with more simplicity than any other book that exists, with more care of the mental condition, and above all, with a mind that already by faith and love, spiritually knows the Author, and which alone can make the dead letter leap into life and power? The indwelling Spirit, in the soul of a regenerate man, knowing “the mind of the Spirit,” can alone vivify and fully interpret its revelation. Yet even for an honest mental approach to the Word of God, much is often needed to be done. It is related that an ancient Christian city of France was captured by Pagan hosts, and held by them for a long time. When the place was retaken by a Christian army, they were compelled to hew down with their swords and axes the brambles that had sprung up around the house of God in the heart of the city, ere they could enter in to worship. This bramble-girt temple is not unlike the moral condition of the

Bible in the mind of some. They would be compelled to hew away the thorns of long neglect, disdain, ignorance, prejudice, false education, wrong mental habit, loyalty to religious brotherhood or fatherhood, party feeling, constitutional timidity, passion, intellectual pride, before they could fairly come even to the door of the Word. "Who-soever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." To examine the revelation of "the great God," the message of Divine love, the face of our Redeemer, with proud apathy, or that cold, keen curiosity merely with which we examine a human truth, without awe, emotion, earnest prayer, child-like humility, this were vain. The shoes of sufficiency must be laid off when we draw nigh to ask response from the oracles of God.

And should not the Bible be studied also *as a whole*, with a reverent regard to the unity of the spirit, the essential oneness of divine truth? In such study, no part would be overlooked; the Old Testament would not be neglected as an effete inspiration, as a dry husk out of which the New had flowered, and thus had cast it off, but rather be meditated as the bud of the Gospel, as the master-key of the New Testament. The Bible is like one of those grand old cathedrals of Europe, where long ages were consumed in its building, where every builder built by himself, and according to his own inspiration, and where the greatest diversity of style was allowed; and yet, when it was all finished, there was produced an overwhelming unity. Moses laid the deep foundations of the

law ; the Prophets let in the gorgeous windows, through which the light of the world's light streamed ; Paul and other Apostles reared the lofty towers of faith ; James ornamented the mighty edifice within and without, with the beautiful after adornings and carvings of good works ; no builder was unnecessary, no portion is unessential ; and when the spiritual man walks the great aisles thereof, he perceives with awe, the one guiding spirit of the Lord God Almighty in every part, and the love of God in Christ illumining the whole.

Christ, is this unity of the Bible, and of the Spirit. The manifold harmonies of Inspiration have but one aria, and this is as simple, and sublime, and infinitely profound, as the name—Christ. “They are they that testify of *me*.” He who loses Christ, in one book, chapter, sentence, of the whole Bible, has lost the thread of the way, the order of the chaos, the sun of the mystery, the essence of all. The Bible means nothing more, less, higher, under, Christ. In preparation and consummation, the entire Bible is, “God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.”

With this *spiritual* study of the Bible, as the breathing every where of the love and will of God in Jesus Christ to a sin-alienated and perishing world, as the testimony and testament of a dying, risen, Divine Saviour, as the great guide-book of our salvation, and with something of the renewed zeal of the old Puritan, mingled with a deeper skill, and perhaps a more unfettered love and joy in the spiritual liberty of Christ, than his, how would such

a study of the Word revive our land. It would be a study without Bibliolatry, without any Alcoranic idea of resident divinity in the Book, and yet with faith in its divine infallibility and sufficiency, as if, in the words of Milton, "The Holy Spirit needed no supplement." Especially would it be a study without wavering doubt in the *eternal* nature of the Word of God. There would be no mere weak theorizing upon a revelation once true, but now outgrown, and superseded. For grant such truths as the following to be *once* divinely inspired, and they are true forever,—“For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life”—“Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time his righteousness, that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.” And philosophically, a *truth*, a spiritual truth, a divine truth, never dies. Why should this be sometimes conceded in respect to the truth of Immortality “brought to light in the gospel,” and not always equally conceded in respect to the peculiar truths of that same gospel, where nothing in those truths themselves involve limitation? Why is the eternal nature of the inspired truth that “God is love” affirmed, and not also the eternal nature of the inseparably linked truth, that “in *this* was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the

world, that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins?" Nineteen hundred years are not enough to sap even a moral, and more a spiritual truth. The mountains dissolve in its presence. The earth and heaven pass like shadows before it. It is "the everlasting gospel." The generations who succeed us will differ no more essentially from us than we differ from them to whom the gospel was first published, who flourished like the grass when Christ stood on the earth. Men will continue to be imperfect, erring, sinful like us, and therefore proper subjects of the claims, illuminations and healings of the gospel. No man will ever arise to the last man, who will not need the help of a spiritual and divine Redeemer. And when will the gospel cease to produce the same universal impress of the restored image of God in the human soul? When will its love be found vain? When will its consolations not be needed? When will its words be less than solemn? When will its revelation of "things to come," be surpassed? When will truth be discovered more philosophically consonant with the profoundest elements and ultimate truths of our nature and consciousness, than the "truth as it is in Jesus?" When will the example and life of Jesus Christ ever be wholly attained and followed by man? When will another way unto God be found than "the way, the truth, and the life," which the Gospel manifests? The unsearchable riches of Christ have been just discovered, and the progress, newness, and deepening advance is to be *in* them.

not from them, even as the sparkling firmament was the same to Adam as it is to ourselves, but Thought has now penetrated the riches of those depths, and laid open their internal glory, wisdom, wonder. We make no true progress in the science of astronomy by turning away from the heavens and studying only their reflected light. Progress in theology is as certain as in science, but it is in the infinite development of divine truth, not in its change or annihilation. In God, primarily, we look for advance in spiritual things, yet working in and through man, to great onward movements and conclusions, even as the seasons in the physical world of God tend to one universal Spring. Thus Faith does not itself change, while its conquests and empires indefinitely and infinitely enlarge, for the infinite power and Spirit of God are ever in the Faith. Such a study of the Bible, spiritual, believing, and filled with its everlasting truth, hope, authority, and divine Spirit, would produce in this land, with the blessing of God, a new moral and religious reformation,—yes, in this land of the reformed religion. By this renewed study of the Gospel of Christ, the very vices, moral and spiritual, which have been aggravated by the first reaction of Christianity upon the resisting heart of the nation, would, by its second fresh and vigorous application, be overcome. By this clearer study of divine truth, all fanaticism,—and there are ponderous clouds hanging over this country,—would be most swiftly dispelled; and a rational, sublime, love-born Christianity would win its way through the whole land. Love, the heart of Christ,

the eternal idea of the Gospel, and as yet but feebly penetrated, even in this land where the great writer on the Affections fairly led the way to its unfolding, in its inconceivable expansion, its universal application to all the interests of humanity melting into the heart of this nation, would pervade its whole social fabric, vitalize its moral tone, dissolve the cruel anomalous relics of unchristian sentiment, correct public opinion, perfect all righteousness among men, and shed abroad the most diffusive, warming, lustrous and beautiful type of Christian civilization, not separating the beautiful from the right, nor the brilliant from the just, nor the great from the morally good, but like the hours wreathing about Guido's chariot of the sun, every honor, power and grace would derive light from the central face of Truth. The vast practical element of the gospel would be drawn out, and the wealth which God has given so easily to this nation, which He has piled in mountains and poured in rivers, would run as sparkingly and naturally in the wide channels of enlightened benevolence; and the benevolence of this land once moved by a true love of Christ, would reflect something of the grandeur and expansiveness of our dominions, even as Judea gave feelingly, and Greece gracefully to Christ, but Rome imperially. The heart of this country has not yet swelled with the first pulsation of the generosity of the Cross. Government would begin to feel this lifting ocean-tide of a pervading, popular re-evangelization; and in great lines of State policy the spirit and eternal precepts of Jesus, levelling all national wrongs, and proclaiming the *higher* principles of

righteousness, freedom, humanity, would as broadly shine, as if the only law book used in every State Capitol, and in the Capitol on the banks of the river murmuring by the tomb of Washington, were the Bible, and America at last truly Christianized,—then the world. Then also the hope, never to be utterly quenched out of the best minds, of the Unity of the Christian Church, would be approximately realized in this thronging holy Delos of a Bible Faith, wherein the arms of battling tribes and sects would be laid down, and the embrace of a common brotherhood given. Then also, perhaps, we would be permitted to see, in secondary things, a somewhat freer form of the Christian, the man to whom are “all things” in Christ, who would not fear to take possession of his rich heritage of Nature, and to draw deeply contented enlargement from the contemplation of her lovely and magnificent forms; and who, like the late lamented Edwards, that harbinger soul, could be both holy and learned, could thrill with the beauty of God’s sunsets and frost-glories while studying His Word, could look with pure admiration upon a noble statue or painting, and read Homer or Wordsworth even with a sanctified mind. Then we should see a Christianity that dwarfed and repressed no healthful, manful, God-created energy, no free, large, earnest reason, no high, delicate, generous emotion, and which would have vigor to control and lead, instead of shrinking wounded from the intellectual demands of an active, thoughtful, scientific age. And united with this intelligent, humane, hopeful Christianity, we should behold a sublimer spirituality, a

holiness born from above, and "full of the Holy Ghost," in which men would reverently recognize those "kings unto God," whose crown is continual communion with Him.

So I have seen in marvellous Switzerland, upon a still and glorious summer morning, above the heavy and clinging clouds of earth, above the steely glacier, above the common soar of the strong eagle, as if above the earth or a mortal thought, hanging in the deep sea-like vault of heaven, ethereal and serene, the mountain's dome of dazzling white, so white that an angel wafted from heaven might alight upon it, and not stain his robe, the purer airs of heaven circle around it, and it is touched by all the exquisite fires of golden light,—silent is it, as if its front had clomb to God and there was awed, except when at times, with a deepening roar, louder and louder, like the brazen wheels of Michael's chariot or the beginning of the judgment trump, the avalanche thundered ; and yet as if Awe loved to glide down from this bald and dreadful height, and to meet the loveliness of lower things, at the base of the great mountain the little vine-clad cottages of manly health and vigor nestled, the sunny rivers ran, along whose banks the flocks were feeding, and the humble meadows laughed, watered by those summits which held communion with the sky.

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